

THE
WANDERER:
OR,
MEMOIRS
OF
CHARLES SEARLE, Esq;

CONTAINING
His ADVENTURES by Sea and Land.

WITH
Many remarkable CHARACTERS, and
interesting Situations in REAL LIFE;
and a Variety of surprizing Incidents.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

—VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

—*Where each may see himself,*

As in a Glass, reflected.

ANON.

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THE
WANDERER
MEMOIRS

OF
CHARLES SERRAVALLO
CONTAINING
His Adventures by Sea and Land
WITH



—VOLUME IN SEVEN
—PARTS AND IN THREE
—AND A COPY OF THE

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THE
EDITOR'S PREFACE.

AS it is generally customary to say something before these Works, by way of Introduction, the person to whose care this publication is intrusted, is determined not to render himself singular in that respect.

It may not be amiss then to inform the Reader, that the Editor of these sheets published them by the desire of a friend, whom he thinks himself bound to oblige. Who that friend is, or how these Anecdotes came into his hands; whether he has ever written before, &c. are affairs by no means of consequence enough to trouble the Public with a long detail of.

Suffice it then to say, that in this History the facts are not *made*, but *related*; and though it might be highly proper (for obvious reasons) to vary them, as well as the names, yet it would have been no less improper totally to have suppressed them.

And the Editor would caution all particular persons not to take offence at any characters herein after drawn, how particularly soever they may seem adapted to individuals, as there can be no person, how good soever to many of whose virtues, nor any so bad to as many of whose vices, numbers may not justly lay a claim: and the reasons are evident. — Virtue and Vice, arising from the same respective springs in every one, and being varied only by constitution and external circumstances, they will necessarily wear nearly the same appearance in all those with whom these circumstances are alike:

This

P R E F A C E.

This must needs be evident to all who know any thing of Human Nature, of which, as has been hinted, this Tract is a picture.

As to the method to be observed in the course of the Work, the Compiler frankly owns he shall not be over scrupulous in confining himself to the strict rules of critical nicety, but will rest contented with a narrative as plain and intelligible as possible, interspersed occasionally with such reflexions as naturally arise from the subject, and may be useful or entertaining; — and though he is well assured this Performance, if it be judged by the common rules of the *Nouvelle*, will appear amply defective; yet, considered in itself, he hopes it will not be found so.—And it is necessary to caution the Readers, not to form a judgement of a work by rules, which it was never intended to follow.

In *Chronology* and *Geography* the caviling Critic will, doubtless, declare this Work particularly deficient; but if it be so, let him understand such defect arises neither from ignorance nor neglect, the reasons of which, were he disposed to give them, would sufficiently excuse these defects.

On the whole, though the Editor is not very solicitous what these gentlemen may say of him; he would yet, by no means, be supposed to snarl at every one who assumes that name, still less to point out at any particular set of men so distinguished; as it is, perhaps, a sign of conscious guilt, for the Culprit to arraign his Judges.

All he means, is, that having wrote on a plan, with which every one is not acquainted, he would caution them to read with attention, before they praise or
censure

P R E F A C E. vii

censure a piece, the constituent parts of which, they may not be acquainted with.

As for the reflexions occasionally interspersed, they are such as naturally offered, yet he forces them on none; but concluding with the words of HORACE:

*Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.*

He remains,

the P U B L I C ' s

most obedient servant,

The E D I T O R.

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THE

[C] W
THE
WANDERER.

BOOK the FIRST.

CHAP. I.

*The birth and education of Mr. Searle.
Character of his tutor. His mother's
death. His arrival at his uncle's house
in London.*

NOTHING is more common in
epic poetry, than for the poem
to hasten, as it is called, to the
midst of things, and for the hero to make
his appearance at once in all his glory ; as
that method is supposed to inspire the
readers with greater respect for him, than
if he had been introduced to them from
his childhood. In short, it is customary
with these gentlemen to begin with the
VOL. I. B middle

middle of a story first, and make you acquainted with both ends afterwards.

But should *we* begin to relate a history in this extraordinary manner, there is great reason to believe it would not be so well received, though some of our contemporaries seem to have attempted the establishment of this custom amongst Biographers, wisely declaiming against method and regularity, as it is shrewdly suspected, because they neither understood, nor were capable of pursuing its rules.

But leaving these Gentlemen to themselves, and leaving likewise all further prefacing, we shall open our history.

Somersetshire gave birth to a gentleman of fortune, whose name was *Searle*. He married in his youth a lady of beauty and virtue, whose accomplishments rendered her the love and admiration of all who knew her. By this his consort he had a son, whom he named *Charles*, whose Life and Adventures we shall trace through the tedious windings of this voluminous history.

As the fortune of Mr. *Searle* could well afford that his son should enjoy all the emoluments of a genteel education, so his mother easily prevailed on her husband
to

to procure him all those advantages by means of a private tutor. Whether that be, in reality, the most eligible method, or not, is a dispute we shall not here enter into; we shall only observe, that the reason of the preference here given, was the over-fondness of an indulgent parent, who could never endure the thoughts of having her child out of her sight.

As the first impressions made on the minds of youth are generally apt to give a tincture to their lives and manners, so the choice of a director in their studies, at that early period, is a step wherein the greatest care should be taken. It may not, therefore, be amiss to give some description of the person pitched upon to discharge this important office, for one in whose affairs the reader is likely to be so nearly interested.

The name of this gentleman was *Welden*; he was of a mild, placid, serene, humane disposition, learned in the languages, and extremely prudent, of great penetration, and well acquainted with life. Being bred a clergyman, he had joined to a social cheerfulness, a becoming gravity. Though pious, and possessed with the highest veneration for the religion of which he was a minister, yet his charity extended

to all the various nations of the peopled world. Persecution he detested, loved all mankind as his brethren; and had *even* been heard to say, that he doubted not but a good Jew, Turk, or Infidel, might be saved, to the no small offence of all those orthodox Believers, who charitably damn one part of mankind for the good of the other. Though possessed of such an excellent head and heart, this good man was now arrived near the age of forty, without any better subsistence than a curacy worth about twenty pounds a year, to live on as a gentleman: for his patron, who had intended to provide for him, unfortunately died soon after he took orders; and not having the gift of flattery, he was not able, with all his good qualities, to recommend himself to another.

As Mr. *Searle* had ever been remarkable for nearly the same principles which distinguished Mr. *Welden*, (though the former had more of fire in his composition,) it is no wonder, that from his first knowledge of that gentleman, he meditated some benefit to him; and as nothing could better have suited him than the office of tutor to his child, which he was both well qualified, and well disposed to discharge, Mr. *Searle* resolved to confer it on him.

From

From the moment that *Charles* was put under his tuition, he set himself to study his temper; a maxim that many are too apt to esteem troublesome and unnecessary. He found his pupil, on examination, to be of a sanguine complexion, quick of conception, warm, and possessed of strong powers of fancy. He was, by nature, fiery, bold, eager, and impatient of controul; but the virtues belonging respectively to these, such as valour, constancy, sincerity, and a temper to be wrought on by gentle methods, were still *more* to be distinguished in him; and his tutor, who saw all these, as it were in their first seeds, in his mind, was pleased above all to observe in him, the dawnings of universal benevolence, so agreeable to his own pious inclinations, and which he failed not to encourage and reward.

Welden proceeded to instruct and enlarge the mind of his pupil, who improved beyond all expectation under his tuition; and having learned fencing, dancing, and all the accomplishments of a gentleman, he was at sixteen years of age beloved by all that knew him, and proposed as an example of sense, virtue, and filial piety.— Yet was he not without faults; but they

were such as did not often appear, and even when they did, were mostly over-balanced, as the reader may observe in the course of this history, by the goodness of his disposition, and the just principles he had imbibed in his youth.

Hitherto his life had passed in the utmost tranquillity; but the time was now come, when he was to experience the rude strokes of adversity. The beginning of his troubles was the loss of his indulgent mother, whom he loved with the most tender affection.—Mr. *Searle* and his son were by this stroke equally affected; but the grief of the father vented itself in all the violence of phrenzy, while that of the son struck deeper, and occasioned a fit of sickness, which went near to render him a fit companion for the object of his pious sorrow.

Amongst the friends and relations, who came to comfort and condole with the unhappy mourners, none was more forward than Mr. *Nairne*, a half-brother of Mr. *Searle*. When young, there had been some family quarrels between them; but the breach had been long healed, and he seemed now particularly careful, by his assiduities, to evince, that the cause of them was forgotten. — When young
Charles

Charles had been for some time recovered, and the family a little settled, it was proposed by this gentleman that his brother and nephew should take a journey with him to town, as an expedient to divert that melancholy which otherwise might take too deep a root. This Mr. *Welden* recommended strongly both to the father and son; and as the sight of the place in which the lady died must for a long time be a fresh occasion for grief, they consented, and were preparing to set forward for *London*, when an aunt of Mr. *Searle's*, being very ill, sent for him express into — *shire*, whither he was now obliged to go; but on the representations of *Welden* and his cousin, permitted *Charles* to proceed to town, where the latter undertook to perform the office of a guardian, or, in his own words, “to be as a father to him.”

Whether there is a certain foreknowledge as some have (perhaps not without reason) imagined in the heart of man, or whether a change of place naturally excites a grief, arising from the perverse desire of enjoying what we *have not*, and which spoils the relish of what we *have*, I know not, but no sooner had our hero turned his back on *Searle-Place*,

than he let fall a shower of tears, and and such involuntary sighs burst from his breast, as might be looked on to indicate but too truly the troubles he was destined to experience. Mr. *Nairne* comforted him with the strongest assurances of his love and friendship, which, as he observed, could be the only inducements to him to take him to *London*; he then represented the pleasures ever reigning in that city, all which he said he should taste without any of their inconveniences, and be as happy “as he could make him.”—Nor was the good tutor wanting in comforting him; after many arguments, he at last took notice, “That this was a great weakness, and but a bad compliment to his relation.” An observation which worked in the generous heart of his pupil, and, as he had foreseen, so far prevailed, that he asked pardon for his rudeness, and promised to be more chearful for the future.

By easy stages, in a coach of Mr. *Searle's*, they arrived at his uncle's house in *London*.—It was not large, but convenient, and elegantly, though not richly furnished; here *Charles's* natural vivacity returned in a great measure, and he promised himself much pleasure in the society of his
his

his kinsman, who seemed in good earnest bent on fulfilling his promise of supplying the place of a parent: but this was not of long duration; for Mr. *Nairne* had resolved from the first, either to match his nephew with his daughter *Emily*, in order thereby to restore his own fortune, much impaired by extravagance, or by ruining that unhappy youth, to drive him to some desperate course, which might remove him, and leave her sole heiress of all Mr. *Searle's* wealth. And this end he kept in view through all the intricate windings of his subtle plots, as will appear in the course of the history.

C H A P. II.

Characters of Emily and Charlotte. Mr. Searle's amour with the latter, and its consequences. Description of Miss Harriet Arran.—A Love-scene.

AS it was in the month of *October* that *Charles* arrived in *London*, it is no wonder his youthful heart was enchanted with the pleasures then at their full height in that metropolis.

The family consisted, besides himself and his tutor, of *Mr. Nairne*, his daughter, named *Emily*, and a young lady her companion, whose name was *Charlotte Merton*. The former of these was a tall, brisk, lively girl, of a high spirit, ready wit, not regularly featured, but glowing with the bloom of health. Her hair dark, her skin none of the fairest: on the whole, she might be termed a *pretty brown girl*. The other was of a softer turn; fair, delicately featured, small of stature, and of a tender, gentle, easy disposition. She was, in a word, a *languishing Beauty*.

From the moment our hero had entered the house, they had both conceived a secret liking to him, which time contributed to strengthen; and the frequent opportunities
of

of his company added fuel to the flame. *Emily*, as has been noticed, being of that complexion in which all the passions are violent, her love, therefore, was easily perceptible to the discerning eye of her parent; while the more gentle passion of *Charlotte* was vented only in solitude, and lay long concealed even from the object of her desire, till an accident discovered it.

One night, when all the family was retired to rest, they were suddenly alarmed with the cry of fire in the street; and a violent knocking at the door admonished those within, that the house was in danger. The usual confusion ensued; and one of the maid servants immediately roused Miss *Charlotte*, with the comfortable observation, "That the house was all in a flame." The poor young lady was not long obeying the summons; and as, in these cases, every one takes care of what they love best, she ran, she flew (unmindful of decorum) to the chamber of her beloved *Charles*, who had just heard the alarm, and was shuffling on his cloaths: The door not being locked, she rushed into the room, which she had no sooner entered, than she flew to him, and throwing her arms round his neck, "Oh! my dear Mr. *Searle*, says she, are you safe!

“ For God’s sake quit the house, or you’ll
 “ perish, and if you do, what will be-
 “ come of me ! ” — Here the hurry of her
 passions suppressed her speech and breath
 at once, and she sunk lifeless on his bo-
 som. How strong soever the first terror
 and surprize of *Charles* might have been,
 they could not hinder some softer emo-
 tions, occasioned by the words and actions
 of *Charlotte*. He conveyed her with all
 speed to a place of safety, but did not fail
 the next day to rally her on her confession,
 which she owned, with blushes, the dan-
 ger surprized her into. As to the acci-
 dent that occasioned it, that was soon re-
 medied, being only a chimney in the next
 house, which was fired by the carelessness
 of the cook-maid.

From that time forward, however, the
 familiarity increased between these young
 people ; till one evening, being warmed
 with wine, and finding her alone, *Charles*
 made an easy conquest of her honour,
 whose affections were his before.

Though none could enjoy the pleasures
 of beauty with a higher relish than young
Searle, yet as the strictest notions of ho-
 nour had been early instilled into him,
 and he had besides a noble and generous
 temper, so when he came coolly to reflect
 that

that he had, to a momentary enjoyment, perhaps sacrificed the happiness of a fellow creature, and that, too, in return for her love of him, with no prospect of making reparation, the consideration made him very uneasy, and wrought a visible change in his countenance, which his good tutor was the first to observe; and when they were alone together, took an opportunity to speak to him to the following effect: “My dear Mr. *Searle*, I have taken notice of late that your wonted vivacity has forsaken you, and a cloud seems to hang over your countenance — Can you not trust me with the cause? You were used to repose a confidence in me, and submit to be led by my advice. Is there any thing disagreeable here? Have I offended you, or is there some more weighty cause for this your melancholy?” — Here he paused, looking steadfastly on *Charles*, whose face went through all the changes the human visage is capable of on such occasions. He was mute, and *Welden* thus proceeded: “Am I then a dangerous inquisitor, an unwelcome guest to you? How am I to interpret this silence? You have ever been ingenuous, free and open, till now. — Unbosom yourself then to me, my dear
pupil;

“ pupil ; perhaps you may be unhappily
 “ engaged in some perplexing affair, from
 “ whence my advice may extricate you—
 “ You know I love you.” [Here the
 youth could not suppress his tears.]
 “ Well, continued he, I see I must not
 “ know :—I will no longer insist on hear-
 “ ing, what I perceive it will give you so
 “ much pain to relate. But I fear— I
 “ fear— Yet I will trust your own discre-
 “ tion ; only remember, it is easy to leave,
 “ but infinitely difficult to return to the
 “ path of virtue.—Remember, too, what
 “ is expected from one of your genius,
 “ understanding, and just sentiments ; nor
 “ be prevailed on, to the trifling confi-
 “ deration of false pleasure, to sacrifice
 “ the solid and real comforts of a life spent
 “ in chearful virtue and benevolence.—
 “ For this time I will leave you, and
 “ hope, when next we meet, to see you
 “ shake off that gloom, and be yourself
 “ again.”—So saying, he withdrew.

It was now *Charles* first practised hy-
 pocrify. It was no longer prudent in his
 eye to make the breast of his tutor, as for-
 merly, the repository of his secret thoughts,
 and his sage advice the rule of his actions.
 —He dissembled his uneasiness as much
 as possible, and often met the eyes of his
 friend

friend with a smiling countenance and an aching heart. *Welden* was too much read in mankind not to see through these disguises ; nor was it long before he discovered the cause of this change, which, however, from prudential reasons, he concealed his knowledge of till a proper season.

It was otherwise with Mr. *Nairne*. He imagined this melancholy of his kinsman to proceed from too great attention to study, and the remains of grief for the loss of his mother. He therefore drew him, as it were insensibly, more into company, and, in order to keep his grand design in view, he took all opportunities of making *Emily* of the party, whenever circumstances would allow. But this lady the youth beheld with a real indifference as a mistress ; yet being naturally of a gallant turn, he behaved to her with a sort of tender complaisance, which he always supposed the due of the sex in general : and this she at first mistook for something more, being blinded by a passion herself had conceived for his person, which represented things in a false view.

Amongst the many companies to which *Charles* had been introduced by his kinsman, was the family of Mr. *Arran*, a gentleman

man of a plentiful estate, who resided in *St. James's street*. He had wedded a lady of great fortune and merit, by whom he had a daughter, of exquisite beauty and accomplishments, who at the age of sixteen was deservedly esteemed the pride and ornament of her sex.

In order to interest the reader the more in this part of the narrative, we will attempt to describe the person and mind of this young beauty.—And here, if we delighted in flourishes, we might well be allowed to keep him in suspense by invoking the Muses, Graces, and many other of those æry and fabulous beings, which, as a certain great genius expresses it,

——Wove in fancy's loom,
Float in light vision round the poet's head.

But, like one of our ever-to-be-remembered predecessors, we will cut short these invocations, and address ourselves to pure, simple nature.

This beneficent Goddess had endued Miss *Harriet Arran* with two gifts that rarely meet in one individual, a person exquisitely beautiful, and a mind (its counterpart) equally amiable.

She was of the middle stature, her skin of a glossy, smooth, and delicate whiteness,

ness, marbled with veins, whose azure clearness might vie with the sapphire. Her features were delicate, her lips coral; and on her damask cheek, being somewhat inclined to a sanguine complexion, the lilly and the rose were joined, yet so that the former had always the preference, except when exercise or more powerful modesty deepened the vermilion dye. And then

The softest blush that nature spreads,
Gave colour to her cheek;
Such orient blushes dawn thro' Heav'n
When *May's* blest mornings break.

If the Loves were ever inwoven with the tresses of a fair one, it was with those of *Harriet*. They were of a glossy light-brown.—Her eye-brows rather darker, and rose in an arch above two of the finest blue eyes in the world; which, while they shone with stellar lustre, were filled at the same time with unutterable sweetness. A neck of ivory, a soft, snow-white bosom, limbs “*harmonious, swelled by nature's*” “*finest hand,*” and a shape of the exactest symmetry, completed the exterior beauties of the lovely Miss *Arran*.

Reader, if thou art charmed with this description of her person, thou canst
not

not surely be less so with that of her mind.

This finished young lady was pious, kind, affable, sincere, constant, and compassionate; she had a heart susceptible of the most tender impressions, a mind inspired with the most refined sentiments. She was purity itself; sensible, elegant, judicious; of a temper rather serenely chearful than serious.—Though strictly virtuous, she compassionated, nay extenuated, the failings of others; *for she wanted no foil to set off her own excellences.* From the same principle it was that pride had no harbour in her breast, and that she despised not others for wanting those accomplishments she herself so eminently possessed.—Her education had indeed been the great care of her parents.—She was mistress of music, used with great judgment a voice perfectly harmonious, and danced elegantly. Add to this, she was well acquainted with her own language, understood *French* and *Italian*, and had a mind capable of the sublimer studies, which, though she never employed herself in, yet she was by no means at a loss to comprehend.

It is no wonder such beauty, joined to such accomplishments, should subdue the youthful

youthful heart of *Charles*. He saw and loved her ; for to see and love her were the same thing. On her part she had many declared suitors, but he did not publickly rank himself among the number : he sighed in private, and was consumed by a secret flame.

“ Can I (he would say to himself) already engaged too far in a criminal amour, can I consistently with honour address this lovely one ? Can I offer her a heart which ought in justice to be devoted to another ? Or if I should, how do I know what may be the fatal consequences with regard to the unhappy *Charlotte* ? Consequences which perhaps may render me equally odious to myself and the dear object of my affections.” In one of these humours he even vowed at least never to marry while she was single ; a resolution he afterwards communicated to his tutor.

Thus reasoned he ; but alas ! what is reason to love !—Often did he resolve never more to see *Harriet*, and as often broke his resolutions.

The faithful *Welden* beheld this new passion rising, and easily traced it to its source : but he deferred disclosing himself to his pupil till he should see the event
of

of the intended match of Miss *Emily Nairne*, which was communicated to him in confidence, and with a view to engage his interest on that occasion.

That young lady grew jealous of Mr. *Searle's* visits to Miss *Arran*. Her father, who saw and approved a passion of his own fostering, consoled her, and encouraged her hopes of winning his nephew, by giving her assurances of his power to promote the completion of her wishes. He was nevertheless inwardly much discomposed, with a circumstance which alone threatened to throw so many difficulties in his way. For he was ignorant as to the affair of *Charlotte*, who finding herself pregnant by Mr. *Searle*, had, by advice of her lover, quitted the family on pretence of a visit to her relations, and remained privately lodged in ———shire, under a feigned name, at his expence.

Meanwhile our hero was intoxicating himself, as it were, with love of his fair *Harriet*; and his passion getting the better of all obstacles, finding himself one afternoon alone with her in the garden, after casting on her many of the most expressive looks of tenderness, with trembling limbs and a faltering voice, he thus addressed her: “Madam, I have
“ long

“ long had a secret to inform you of—
“ which nothing but—which nothing but
“ a fear of offending has—prevented my
“ communicating.”

“ Mr. *Searle*, (returned the lady) I am
“ persuaded will never say any thing to
“ offend me—I know he is too complai-
“ sant.—I too had a question to ask of
“ you—indeed, Sir, all our family has
“ observed a great change of late—not
“ sickness, I hope—may I presume to
“ ask?—But I interrupt you—”

She ended, blushing. “ Alas! Madam,
“ said he, I am changed indeed—but
“ *observed*? did you say the family *ob-*
“ *served* it—Oh! Miss *Arran*! words
“ cannot express the thousand conflicting
“ passions, the hopes, the fears, that—
“ but whither am I going? I would be
“ silent—’tis time I were, if you turn
“ away. Ah! why that averted
“ countenance—I conjure you—”

A sigh, more eloquent than words, cut
short the rest.—*Harriet*, who had deprived
him of her sight only to hide her own con-
fusion, now once more turned towards
him: “ For heaven’s sake, Sir, what
“ mean these confused sentences?—I pro-
“ fess—I declare, I am, I must be a
“ stranger to their meaning—what should
“ I un-

“ I understand by them? and what—(I
 “ know not whether I ought to ask,)
 “ what is this mysterious secret?”

“ Alas! my eyes, my countenance,
 “ (replied the youth) the very change you
 “ mentioned, they have, they must have
 “ declared it—the family *observed*—oh!
 “ heavens then, could you, and you alone,
 “ be insensible to it—then hear it—hear
 “ it—fairest, loveliest of your sex—then I,
 “ (oh! my heart!) I love—I adore you
 “ —nay, I die for you—and now—now
 “ (fetching a deep sigh) my breast is
 “ somewhat easier—yes—I do—I must—
 “ wait your sentence; yet be not rash.
 “ Consider my life, my *more* than life,
 “ depends on it.—”

He ceased—and any eyes but those of
 one equally embarrassed, might have be-
 held, by the countenance of his mistress,
 what was passing in her breast. She
 paused a little. Then, with her eyes fixed
 on the ground in a sweet confusion, and
 with a modest blush that rendered her still
 more lovely, she thus began: “ Sir, you
 “ have now indeed spoke too plainly to
 “ be misunderstood; yet I know not what
 “ answer to give you . . . I have, as I
 “ said, observed this change in you, but
 “ could I know that I was the cause, I
 “ should

“should indeed be sorry — Indeed it
“would give me uneasiness to be the
“cause of pain to one that—yes I must
“say, we have ever found you of a sweet
“disposition, and one who to me has ever
“behaved—But”

“But what? my lovely angel, (said
“*Charles*, having a little recovered him-
“self,) oh speak, and let me know at least
“that you do not hate me;—let me hear
“that your affections are not engaged to
“another—you know not, you cannot
“imagine what I suffer, even at this mo-
“ment my heart is bleeding.”

“Suppress then these agitations, (re-
“turned she, in disorder,) *Mr. Searle*,
“calm yourself—I will so far satisfy you
“my heart is not engaged; but that is all
“I can say at present:” and was turning
to retire, when her lover passionately seiz-
ed her hand, crying, “Whither, oh!
“whither would you go?—A moment
“more, and satisfy me—”

“Of what shall I satisfy you, *Mr.*
“*Searle*? (said she much confused, and
“withdrawing her hand gently from his.)
“Well then I am free; I do not dislike
“you—your tender behaviour has pre-
“vented any such thoughts—I esteem
“you—what would you more?—You
“might

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“ might have seen—what have I uttered?
 “ Oh let me depart, I have said but too
 “ much already. Indeed, indeed, Mr.
 “ *Searle*, you have taken me at un-
 “ awares!”

“ Blest moment, happy surprize,”
 (cried the enraptured *Charles*,) again tak-
 ing her hand, which he kissed eagerly;
 and vowed eternal love. But now Miss
Arran once more recovering herself, re-
 minded him of his promise to retire, and,
 not affecting to retract what she had been
 surprized into the confession of, she dis-
 missed him with a promise of proportion-
 ing the marks of her esteem to his pru-
 dence; which, however, she accompanied
 with a declaration, that whatever her pri-
 vate sentiments might be, she would never
 consent to admit him as a lover, without
 the full consent of parents on both sides.
 And it being late, *Charles* departed en-
 raptured with his great success.

C H A P.

C H A P. III.

Reflexions on the nature of opposite passions.

Closet conversation between Mr. Nairne and his nephew, on account of an extraordinary letter. A robbery, and the discovery it occasioned.

IT is the opinion of many philosophers, that sorrow and joy are more nearly allied than they are in general imagined to be: And the Poets have a maxim of exalting an unfortunate hero to a high pitch of glory just before his death, that his fall may be so much the more conspicuous, and his conqueror appear still more triumphant. The *day of glory* granted to *Hector*, compared with his unhappy end and disgraceful treatment by his enemy, like light and shade in a picture, serve to strengthen and beautify each other, as well as to magnify the triumph of the goddess-born *Achilles*.—Nor does this opinion seem to be ill-grounded: Nothing is more common than these transitions; and such was the case before us; for as soon as young *Searle* arose in the morning, he received a message, importing, that his uncle would be glad to speak with him in his closet.

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He accordingly obeyed the summons, and followed the servant to the place appointed, where he found Mr. *Nairne*, who appeared busied in looking over some papers; one of which, as soon as they were alone, he selected from the rest, and put into his kinsman's hand, with this short sentence — “There is a letter from your father, who is newly returned from — *shire*. I hope the contents will be agreeable.”

Charles replied not, but immediately read it over, and was not a little surprized to find it contained a kind of injunction to marry his cousin *Emily*, who was the last person that he had ever dreamed of in that respect.—While he stood rapt in suspense, revolving on this unexpected trouble, his uncle interrupted his reverie, by asking what he thought of the match. — “Really, (said he, dissembling) I cannot conceive how your father first fell on this sudden resolution, and yet he appears very obstinate in it.—He has even, I think, expressed himself rather roughly on the business, in his letter to me.—Upon my soul, I little thought, when I brought you here, I had taken a son-in-law to town with me: But, courage, cousin, if you like my girl,
“such

“such as she is, she and her fortune are
“yours—If not, Heaven forbid I should
“have any hand in forcing your inclina-
“tions, though your father is very po-
“sitive.”—

Here *Charles* interrupted him by a set speech he had been framing in his mind. He began by praising *Emily*, and thanking his uncle for the parental kindness hitherto shewn him : He then assured him of his willingness to obey either his father or him, in any reasonable request ; but represented, that as this was an affair in which the whole tenor of his future happiness was to be concerned, he hoped they would not, on their part, force him to marry against *his* will, as, on his part, he would never in that point transgress *theirs*. He concluded with observing, that as his heart was not yet *Emily's*, he could not think of giving his hand without it ; but he knew not what time might effect ; and added faintly, that indeed, as yet, he had no thoughts of matrimony.—

Mr. *Nairne* used all his sophistry to invalidate these arguments, and concluded by advising his nephew to make a friend of him.— “Deceive me not, said he ; I
“perceive some other lady is already
“mistress of your affections ; if so, I will

“ do all in my power to dissuade your father—from the rash resolves which, perhaps, (ignorant of that material circumstance,) he has taken, and which he then may think it prudent to alter.— Disclose yourself then to me, my dear *Charles*, and expect to find rather a tender friend, than a rigid relation.”

Won by these words, *Charles* threw himself at his feet, and revealed the whole story of his passion for Miss *Arran* in the very simplicity of his honest heart, begging the intercession of his uncle in his behalf.

Vexed as he was at this full declaration of so strong an attachment, where before he had barely suspected a slight liking, the transient effect of a fine face, yet had Mr. *Nairne* (long used to dissimble) the art to smooth his brow.—And raising *Charles* from the ground, “ Believe me, said he, I am sorry, heartily sorry for this unhappy passion ; but I will do you every good office in my power, provided you will promise to proceed no further in the affair without my knowledge.” Of this he received the most solemn assurances, and dismissed him for the present, not a little mortified at what had happened.

The reader may remember we told him, that *Welden* had come to the knowledge of our hero's *adventure* with *Charlotte*. It is now time to inform him of the means by which he attained that knowledge, lest perchance he should suspect that good man of magic art, which if he does, we must, however, declare we shall be inclined to think him no conjuror for his pains.

In order then to clear up this affair, we must inform him, that as soon as *Charlotte* arrived at the lodgings provided her (which were at a young farmer's whose father was newly dead, and whom *Charles* having long known and favoured, he deemed fit to be trusted) she began to think of establishing a correspondence with her betrayer.—The safest method of which, she imagined, would be that of entrusting her packet with one *James Beachly*, who was charged with various messages coming up to *London*.

This *James* was an honest, harmless, simple fellow, and willing to oblige any one.—He readily undertook the charge, and accordingly set forward on his journey; but unfortunately going at dusk over a common, he was attacked by some thieves, who knocked him off his horse,

robbed him, and in rifling his pockets, among other things *Charlotte's* parcel fell into their hands, and having opened, and finding no bills nor any thing of value in it, they threw it over a hedge, lest carrying it about them might tend to discover the robbery ; and, having effected this, rode off at full speed.

When the poor man came to himself, he crawled, as well as he could, towards the next house he espied, which was far distant, and, but for the help of some travellers passing by, would, perhaps, never have reached it.

One of these men looking back, full of the thoughts of the robbery, fancied he saw some body climbing over a stile by the moon-light, and ran to the place with one of his companions ; nor would be persuaded out of his whim till he had searched the whole field. Returning, he stumbled over the parcel before-mentioned, and as the moon was then near the full, easily satisfied himself with regard to the contents of it, which not a little surprised him.

“ Would you think (says he to his comrade) that this is from Miss *Charlotte Merton* ?—Mercy on us, and to what a purpose ! If my master knew
“ the

“the business he’d be just mad.”—Having so said, he communicated the contents, and both agreed not to say one word of the matter to *James*, but keep it till they had an opportunity to shew it to the party concerned.

As to the poor man, he was obliged to return home without his errand; and having sought for the letter every where in vain, he naturally concluded it was taken away by the thieves, though he could not imagine to what end; and to do him justice, that honest man was even less concerned for the loss of his money, than for a thing which he had so great a charge to take care of.

Charlotte was much chagrined when she heard the news; but all her fears were dissipated by the consideration that it was most likely the thieves had destroyed it; and she resolved to wait patiently till she could pitch on some one else to carry another for her to the same person.

But it is now time to think of giving some information who these travellers were, that could have any interest in *Charlotte’s* affairs. To this end we must give a short history of that lady, for which we refer our readers to the next chapter.

C H A P. IV.

*The history of Miss Charlotte Merton.
Reflections on fatality. Caution to the
reader, &c.*

MISS *Charlotte Merton* was the daughter of a gentleman of fortune in *Hertfordshire*, whose darling, as well as that of her mother, she had ever been.—They were, indeed, too tender of her; and when she had attained the age of fifteen, she had not received any education, except in the articles of music and dancing.—Miss must not work at her needle, for that would spoil the lustre of her eyes: she must not read, it would make her head ache: the cares of household affairs were below her, and she must be the fine lady only.

But unfortunately, about that period it happened that her mother died; and her father soon after took in a house-keeper, who, being an artful woman, gained so far on his affections, that she in a great measure weaned them from his daughter: nay, he absolutely settled one hundred and fifty pounds a year on this new favourite, having taken up money
on

on all the rest of his estate, and embarked it in the *South-Sea* scheme.

In the interim, several gentlemen desired permission to pay their addresses to *Charlotte*, but were refused, on various pretences; for as Mr. *Merton* thought of making a prodigious fortune by his new project, his views in this respect, as well as all others, were raised in proportion to his expectations; and besides, as we have noticed, his love to *Charlotte* cooled very fast, and he began to think of his child (as but too many parents do) as only of a property of which it was a point of *prudence* to make the greatest advantage he could.

His infatuation increased with the rise of the stocks; yet could he not be persuaded to realize, which many wise people did, but he still trusted to the golden dreams of the times, and deeming himself worth immense sums, began to increase his equipage, lay plans for building houses, and purchasing estates; and had absolutely given orders for drawing up instruments to put him in possession of a very large one contiguous to his own, when the well-known event, which beggared half the nation, involved him in the unexpected ruin.

Of all his wealth, in consequence of this, nothing remained that he could call his own, but about eighty pounds a year, the house he lived in, and what he had settled on his favourite housekeeper.

It is impossible to paint the distraction which seized him on the news of a misfortune he was so little prepared for.—He refused food and rest, and appeared plunged in the deepest despair: he felt pains which nothing could have heightened but the sudden desertion of his favourite, who hastened to take possession of what was assigned her, and left her benefactor to shift for himself.

This *prudent* gentlewoman, whose whole attachment had been founded on interest, seeing there was no room for any hopes of further emolument from that quarter, like a wise General, retreated in time, to secure the advantages already gained by her skill.

Those *kind* people who had *generously* forborne, while the stocks rose, to trouble Mr. *Merton*, now began to look about them, declared themselves creditors, and seized each his part of the dismembered estate, the writings of which were previously put into their hands.

The very servants, to whom any thing was due, began to grow clamorous for
their

their wages, which, as soon as they received, they found a strong propensity to follow the example of their *quondam* head, and while their master was too much immersed in melancholy to attend to his affairs, decamped, every one with what he could get.

One faithful girl alone remained, attendant on the unhappy *Charlotte*, whose sorrows she soothed in this distressful scene, mindful of past favours received from the generous hand of her kind, gentle mistress.—Her unhappy master was inaccessible to every one ; all day he spent in sorrow ; and, even in the silent hours of night, would rise, and walk distractedly about his chamber, talking to himself in a frantic manner, and so loud as to be heard all over the house.—While he was in this dreadful situation, a person on horseback came to enquire for him, and insisted so rudely on being admitted, that some altercation ensued between him and the waiting-maid above-mentioned, who feared some new demand was coming on her master ; nor were her fears groundless. Mr. *Merton*, disturbed by the noise, enquired what was the cause of it, and being informed, ordered the person to be shewed up.—What passed between

C 6 them

them was unknown at that time. But the next day, the unhappy gentleman coming down, (with a dissembled serenity on his brow, which yet could not hide the grief that preyed on his heart,) told his daughter, he was going to spend a few days with a relation, (naming a cousin of his,) and hoped at his return to find himself more composed, and in a better situation.—He then called for his servants to get his horse ready ; but, to his astonishment, no one answered but the faithful *Sally*:—When he was informed how they all had quitted him, he seemed struck with astonishment ; and turning to the waiting-maid,—“ Well then,” said he, “ *Sally*, “ here are my keys to keep till my return : “ Meanwhile take care of my dear “ daughter till you see me again.—Oh ! “ regard her health. I have not behaved (continued he, turning to *Charlotte*,) “ as “ I should to you. Can you, my dear, “ forgive your father ? I have been to “ blame, and heaven has severely punished “ me—But I am going to endeavour to “ set all right.—Adieu !” (said he) embracing her, while the tears stood in her eyes—“ God bless thee, my child, and “ make thee virtuous and happy !—A- “ dieu till better times !”—Then seeing
Sally

Sally concerned, that there was no one to prepare his horse : “ Good girl, don’t trouble yourself—I will walk this time ; “ I shall not go far on this road, before “ I light on some carriage.—Once more, “ heaven blefs thee and preserve thee, my “ dear *Charlotte*.”—She could not reply ; her heart was too full, and *Mr. Merton* taking a bundle in his hand, and flapping his hat, quitted the house, directing his course towards the road which led to that of his relation.

Charlotte and *Sally* followed him with their eyes till he was out of sight, and then returned weeping to the lonely habitation, which had so lately resounded with the joyful sounds of music and social mirth. Now not a soul entered it but themselves, and they passed whole days and nights in a kind of gloomy stillness and melancholy solitude.—The young lady had no other relief, than the mournful one of unbosoming her griefs to *Sally*, whom she had ever treated as a friend, and who mingled her tears and complaints with those of her unhappy mistress.

A week had elapsed, and no news was received of *Mr. Merton*, when they dispatched a messenger to enquire after him at his cousin’s ; but, to their great surprise,

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prize, were informed that gentleman had never been there. If Miss *Merton* was astonished and grieved at this report, judge what must be her situation, when *Sally*, pale and trembling, entered the room with an open letter she had found in her master's closet; the purport of which was as follows:

To Miss Charlotte Merton.

“ *My dearest child,*

“ It is, perhaps, the last time I shall
 “ be permitted to address you in this ten-
 “ der manner: The weight of woes,
 “ which oppress me, are too heavy for
 “ human nature to bear. I have, indeed,
 “ deserved them, and ought not, there-
 “ fore, to repine; but, alas! my daugh-
 “ ter, what has thy innocence done, that
 “ thou shouldst suffer for my faults! I
 “ trust heaven will yet have pity on thee.
 “ —As for me; of all thy inheritance,
 “ nothing have I left thee but poverty
 “ and misfortunes. This very house, thy
 “ paternal seat, must soon be ravished
 “ from thee, and thyself a wretched or-
 “ phan left to the wide world.—I cannot
 “ answer this to thee, my daughter, much
 “ less at the Tribunal where I expect
 “ shortly

“ shortly to stand.—For I am going—
“ ask me not whither ; I know not my-
“ self.—Before this comes to hand, all
“ search after me will be fruitless. O
“ Thou, the great Disposer of all Things,
“ forgive me, if I err !—Oh ! *Charlotte*,
“ *Charlotte*, what would thy dear mother,
“ could she look down from above, think
“ of me ? Let me, good heaven, be an
“ example to others to avoid my faults,
“ and may the heavens preserve thee
“ virtuous and happy, and blot from thy
“ tender mind all sorrowful remembrance
“ of thy unhappy father,

“ J A. MERTON.

“ In the small packet in my escrutoire
“ is all thy wealth. Unhappy that I am,
“ I that could have made thee mistress of
“ thousands—O forgive me, *Charlotte*,
“ and believe 'tis more than I do my-
“ self.”

The unhappy daughter, having read
this affecting letter, sunk down in a swoon,
and remained for a long time bereft of
sense and motion, while her attendant,
though deeply affected herself, yet, with
trembling hands, and knees scarce able to
sustain her weight, administered all the
assistance

assistance in her power : Returning life followed her good offices ; yet a low nervous fever preyed on the spirits of this young lady.—And, to complete her misfortunes, in a few days the horseman they had seen before, returned, with several attendants ; and, regardless of her weak condition, turned her out of the house, together with her servant, of which having taken the keys by authority, they secured possession.

Behold her now, an orphan, wandering from her paternal seat, on which she frequently cast back her eyes suffused in tears, and with a melancholy reluctance forsook it. But her faithful *Sally* could not be prevailed on to leave her, though often intreated ; and the mournful pair wandered forlorn till dusky evening, when they agreed to take up their lodging at the next inn on the road, from whence *Sally* advised Miss *Merton* to write to her cousin an account of her situation. For it was time to think of seeking succour somewhere, this unhappy young lady being, as we have hinted before, incapable of leading any other life than that of affluence and ease.—As for the packet, they found it contained a family ring, two or three trifling jewels, a miniature picture of

Mrs.

Mrs. *Merton*, and twenty guineas in cash, a slender fortune, indeed, for one bred to such high expectations.

It was just dark before they reached the inn, and they had both altered, as much as possible, every thing in their dress which might render it suspected who they were; and this poor lady, who had been used to so much tenderness, now in the open air, changed her rich gown for a plain linen one of her servant, who had all this while carried in her arms two bundles, the one her own, the other belonging to her mistress, the remainder of whose wardrobe was left in her former dwelling.

On their arrival, the landlady, a very good sort of a woman in her way, though ignorant enough, ordered all proper accommodations for them, and Miss *Charlotte* presently found herself seated by a fire-side in a neat room, which, though far from being like those in her father's house, was yet very agreeable, after a six hours journey on foot, in none of the warmest weather; for it was then the beginning of the month of *March*, and a sharp wind had not a little incommoded her.

Pen, ink, and paper, being called for, were soon produced, and a letter, interrupted

rupted with many a sigh, was at last finished by the fair mourner, which being directed to her cousin, waited only a messenger to convey it. The bell being rung, a maid servant appeared, who was ordered to send in her mistress. She obeyed; the good woman presently appeared, and dropping several awkward court'sies, enquired their pleasure.

"I would know, said Miss *Merton*,
 "whether you can procure a faithful messenger, who will undertake to carry a
 "letter as far as ***** for me; and I
 "will satisfy him well for his trouble."

"La! Ma'm; a messenger, (returned
 "she,) yes to be sure, ma'm, here's *Dick*
 "the helper, he is a good honest lad,
 "only he's given to stay on an *arrant*,
 "that's all ma'm, or else for that there,
 "he's as honest as the day is long; well
 "and then, then, ma'm, here's *Robin*,
 "ostler, that I dares say would do any
 "thing to oblige you—ah *Robin's* an
 "honest lad; but as I says to 'en, till he
 "leaves off drinking, he'll never do any
 "good for himself; for he will drink,
 "and that you know, ma'm, is a bad
 "thing, and as I often says—"

Here *Sally* interrupted her, and begged she would not tell who *was not*, but who

was

was proper to be entrusted; to which, after a short pause she answered.

“ Why, indeed, miss, as you says, when
“ young ladies are in a hurry, *and that*,
“ they should not be obliged to wait, and
“ indeed you both of you seems in a pi-
“ teous taking about something, but that
“ ’eant none of my affairs to enquire
“ about—I’d *as lief* see (as the saying is)
“ *old Nic*, as an impartinent parson. But
“ as to *that there*, now I thinks o’t, you
“ can’t ma’m ha’ a better arrant-goer
“ than our *Rager*, if *Rager* wool go—for
“ he never stays on arrants, and he wo’ant
“ drink, if you’d kiss his shoe, above a
“ pint or so, and that you know, miss, is
“ nothing—ah many a good crown has
“ our *Rager* had gi’n ’en by the gentle-
“ folk that comes here; for we’ve a mort
“ of gentlefolk, for all I say it, comes
“ here sometimes. Why, there’s young
“ ’squire *Alton*, now in t’other room’s
“ worth—ay, its unknown what he’s
“ worth; and there’s parson *Ruddy*, and
“ Mr. *Claufe*, the great lawyer, and—”

She would certainly have entertained them with a most unmercifully long catalogue of her guests, had not Miss *Merton* again stopped her, and bade her in a peevish tone to send the last-mentioned person,

person, who came accordingly, received charge of the letter, and undertook to carry it and bring an answer to it by noon the next day.

Mean while the landlady reminded them of supper, which was served up at the usual time, and the ladies afterwards conducted to a tolerably well-accommodated bed-chamber.—The hours set apart to rest, were mostly by them employed in anxious thoughts, especially by *Charlotte*, who closed not her eyes till daylight; when it is easy to imagine she could not enjoy so profound a sleep as not to be often disturbed by noises incident to the place, and to which she had been hitherto unaccustomed.

The travellers rose to breakfast; with little appetite did the one sit down, the other, indeed, possessed a constitution, which, being naturally healthful, began now to ask refreshment, though she took it with small satisfaction while she beheld her mistress's uneasiness.

At length (and, indeed, sooner than any but one on the rack of suspense could have expected) the messenger arrived, and delivered a letter, which, as soon as he was satisfied and retired, *Sally* opened, at her lady's desire, and read the following words:

“ *Cousin*

“ *Cousin CHARLOTTE,*

“ I have received yours, and am really
“ sorry to hear of your unfortunate situa-
“ tion; but it is what I have often told
“ your father his ill-judged pride and ex-
“ travagant schemes would come to. . . .
“ Indeed, child, you have been very un-
“ happily brought up. You have shewed
“ it in your letter, where you say—*Your*
“ *heart is ready to burst to think what you*
“ *are reduced to, and from what a high*
“ *station you are fallen.* I tell you again
“ and again, Miss Merton, vanity has
“ had too great a share in your education.

“ Truly I pity the case your parents
“ folly has reduced you to; but you
“ know I have a family of my own; and
“ if your parents did not take care of you,
“ I do not know who should. Never
“ tell me of the *height you are fallen from,*
“ but accommodate yourself to your *pre-*
“ *sent* condition.—Your heart is *ready to*
“ *burst!* Yes—with *pride,* I know it is;
“ but you must learn to be more humble.

“ For my part, I can give you only
“ wholesome advice, which is to lay aside
“ your fine lady’s airs, and try to get into
“ some service. Nor can I help you in
“ that either, you are so proud. Your best
“ way will be to go to *London*; you have
“ a dif-

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“ a distant relation there, a godmother,
 “ who perhaps may assist you in that
 “ respect.

“ If you follow this counsel, it may be
 “ the better for you; if not, I tell you
 “ fairly, you have nothing farther to
 “ expect from

“ Your kinsman,

G*****

“ P. S. As your father never called
 “ here, it is likely he has completed his
 “ follies by laying violent hands on him-
 “ self.—If so, you have the greater reason
 “ to follow my advice.”

How true soever his reflections on her
 breeding might be, they were certainly
 here ill-placed and cruel. The lady was
 deeply concerned at this epistle, and the
 more so, as the author had received many
 and great favours at her father's hands.—
 She was long in deliberating what to do
 but at last, necessity compelled her to
 take the advice so harshly offered, and
 there being no other alternative but that
 or starving, she procured a post-chaise to
 the next market-town, where they took
 place in the stage-coach for *London*, and
 arrived safe in the usual time at that me-
 tropolis.

The

The first place she sought after was the habitation of her godmother, who was a third cousin to Mr. *Merton*, the daughter of a clergyman, but marrying an abandoned rake in her youth, he spent both his own fortune, and all of hers that he could come at, and dying, left her in narrow circumstances. Yet these she preferred to dependance, and, by a laudable frugality, maintained still a respectable situation; she kept a boarding-school for young ladies, not far from *London*, of whose morals as well as education being extremely careful, she never wanted scholars.

This good woman, (whose name was *Aimes*,) was much surprized at Miss *Merton's* arrival, but more so, when she heard the unhappy occasion of it. She gave her all the consolation in her power, promised to use her interest in procuring her some genteel station, and in conclusion, offered her the best accommodations her house would afford, till a favourable opportunity of fulfilling that promise should present itself.

This was not long; for Miss *Emily Nairne*, who happened then to be among her boarders, took so great a liking to her
her

her person and conversation, that she could not think of separating from her, and when she left the school, prevailed on her mother to take her, unqualified as she was, for her own waiting-maid; Mrs. *Nairne* dying soon after, the daughter advanced her a step higher; and by indulgence of her father, whose idol she was, entertained her, as we have seen, in quality of a companion. As for *Sally*, she was kept to wait on the young ladies at Mrs. *Aimes's*, till she was recalled into the country on some affairs of her own, by her relations, who were tradesmen there in good repute.

During the interval between the death of Mrs *Nairne*, and the arrival of young Mr. *Searle*, an adventure happened, which seemed to wear a promising aspect in her favour; a young gentleman of family and fortune, the only child of a widow lady, residing in *Hertfordshire*, often visiting Mr. *Nairne*, fell in love with this young lady; but whether it were that the remembrance of her griefs was not yet so far worn from her heart, as to admit of any room for love; whether he was not, (though reckoned sensible and perfectly genteel,) the person formed to her

her taste, or whether, as certain * VERY WISE philosophers, as well as certain VERY RELIGIOUS teachers of a certain VERY PIOUS congregation, affirm, the time was not yet come that *she was to be* in love; whichever of these was the reason,

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* I doubt not but both parties will accuse me of ignorance, in confounding Fatalism with Predestination—"You blockhead," (says the one,) "how can you join men of such refined sense and philosophy as we are, with those canting, whining, ridiculous, despicable ——— ? On the other hand, the pious fraternity will ask, "Are not you ashamed, wicked man, impiously to rank us with Deists and Atheists, and Satan's own implements, only for our just notions of Providence?—And are not you as foolish as wicked, not to see the difference between the spirit of piety, and the idol of human wisdom?"—Truce, gentlemen, on both sides!—Far be it from me to say, you act or think on the same principles in any thing else: No; I would neither affront truth, so far as to say, or common sense, so far as to suppose it.—But, though two men should set out to traverse the globe directly contrarywise, the one East, the other West, it is a mathematical truth, that they would meet at one point; if they agree to stop there, what matters it, by which of the two ways they arrived at it?—Thus, gentlemen, whatever points of wisdom you may wind, it matters not to me, nor invalidates my assertion, when you both meet at last at *the common centre of folly.*

his addressees excited in her no other passion but vanity ; and though she permitted him to continue them, yet she gave him no farther hopes of success.

Notwithstanding this her infatuation, she received many favours from this gentleman's mother, who heard of, and approved his passion, though she made it a point of honour to accept none from himself.

That worthy lady falling dangerously ill, her son was sent for from *London*, and they were his servants, who being dispatched to town on some business from their master, joined some countrymen, and being belated on the road, it was one of them picked up the packet before-mentioned ; having often heard of Miss *Merton's* name, his seeing it at the bottom of the letter, excited his curiosity to read, and his fidelity to deliver it to his master.

When Mr. *Arlington*, (that was his name) received this letter, he was attending on his sick parent ; whom he did not expect ever to recover from her sickness ; yet could he not help sacrificing a few minutes to his concern for his love ; and opening the paper, too soon found the outlines of the unhappy story of his *Charlotte*.

Hurried

Hurried and confused as he was, it is no wonder if he followed the first suggestion of his troubled mind; and this was to inclose the letter, and send it to town to Mr. *Welden*, in a sheet of paper, containing these lines:

“ Reverend SIR,

“ INCLOSED I send you a letter, which
“ has given me the utmost uneasiness.—
“ It is from Miss *Charlotte Merton* to
“ your ungenerous pupil.—You know the
“ interest I formerly had in every thing
“ relating to that unhappy young lady.—
“ You are at liberty to make what use
“ you think proper of the information it
“ contains—whatever that is, I am per-
“ suaded it will be worthy of your cha-
“ racter, and the trust reposed in you by
“ your worthy friend. For my part, I
“ did not want this to add to my sorrows,
“ which are already too many, and bear
“ but too heavy on me.—This is the most
“ distracting of evils to

“ the unhappy

“ E. ARLINGTON.”

Such was the magic by which the good clergyman acquired a piece of knowledge, which made him very uneasy, and the more so, as he saw Mr. *Nairne* bent on match-

ing *Charles* with his *Emily*, a circumstance of itself sufficient to throw obstacles almost insurmountable in the way of that gentleman, if he should be disposed to repair the injury he had done the other, by marriage : And this was heightened by the growing passion his pupil entertained for *Harriet*, and which he judged would be the occasion of many troubles to him. Whether he was mistaken, the reader will see by the sequel. But we will now give him a respite for a small space, which he may employ either in revolving what he has read, or in a comfortable nap, according as the time of day or his own peculiar fancy may prompt him ; hoping only that should it lead him to the latter, he will by no means *dream* of PERFECT CHARACTERS, OR A PERFECT PERFORMANCE, the one of which is not in the will *, any more than the other in the power of the Editor.

C H A P.

* Perfect characters are just as uncommon in the *moral*, as perfect performances in the *literary* world.

CHAP. V.

Result of Mr. Searle's consultations with his tutor.—Extraordinary resolution of Mr. Arran.—Emily's sickness.—Welden's integrity.—His reward, and letter of advice to his pupil.

IT is, no doubt, needless to remind the reader of the situation and humour in which we left the disconsolate Hero of this History.—He immediately sought out his tutor, and disburthening his mind to him, intreated his advice, to whom the good man thus replied :

“ My dear pupil, your situation is indeed very critical; yet you are even *now* unwilling to repose an entire confidence in me. You have made me a stranger to the most material circumstances, which I had never known but for this parcel.” [Here he produced the letters mentioned in the former chapter, and, declaring how he came by them, thus continued,] “ You see you are not concealed from me in your most secret actions.—What think you now?—Do not you now suppose, that this unhappy affair ought equally to prevent any advances on your side towards a

“ match either with Miss *Emily* or your
“ *Harriet*?—Good Heaven! into what a
“ perplexity have you thrown yourself, and
“ what, even now, may be the grief that
“ preys on the forsaken *Charlotte*! But I
“ forbear to insist on this; since I am not
“ insensible how the thought must wound
“ you.—Indulge, my dear youth, indulge
“ the tender emotions of your heart on
“ this account, and forbear at least to
“ aggravate a sorrow you cannot cure.—
“ You ask my advice; I will give it you
“ sincerely. Write a submissive letter to
“ your father; lay yourself open to him;
“ conceal nothing of all that has passed
“ even between you and Miss *Merton*: I
“ will inclose it in a few lines of my
“ own to him, and then wait the event
“ patiently. But do not flatter yourself
“ that your uncle will ever drop a scheme
“ on which his heart is so much set; I
“ mean, your marriage with his daughter:
“ for I assure you (I speak from
“ my own knowledge) he will never de-
“ part from his purpose, whatever he
“ may say to amuse you.—I know not
“ whether I should be acquitted in the
“ eyes of the world, for thus advising
“ you against one of your relations; and
“ that too after the false step you have
“ taken,

“ taken, a step for which I should cen-
“ sure you far more severely, did not I
“ see your own reflexions are a sufficient
“ punishment. But the respect I owe
“ your worthy father, and the real love
“ I bear to you, urge me thus to consult
“ your honour and happiness before all
“ other considerations. Yet let not this,
“ I conjure you, take off in other re-
“ spects from your duty to your *uncle*,
“ who is here your father’s substitute,
“ and whom you are, as such, bound to
“ obey, till his will on this head is
“ known. Above all let nothing induce
“ you to break your promise; for no-
“ thing but a criminal case can ever ex-
“ cuse a man for the forfeiture of his
“ word, and to keep it inviolate is the
“ sure criterion of a man of honour and
“ a gentleman. Go now, and compose
“ yourself in your chamber, settle your
“ too much ruffled spirits, and if nothing
“ intervenes, let me see you to-morrow in
“ the study with the letter I spoke of.
“ Meanwhile, I will prepare my own,
“ and pray Heaven my good intentions
“ may be crowned with success! Mean-
“ while let me exact a promise from
“ you, never to marry another, at
“ least while Miss *Merton* is living and
“ single.

“single. This is the least return you
“can make for the injury done her.”

Charles solemnly vowed this, and approving the advice, returned his sincerest acknowledgements to him who gave it. He made a short but pathetic answer to the remonstrances of his tutor, nor did he attempt to excuse himself; the fault was rather magnified by the gentle manner in which it was touched upon: such is the effect of mildness, and an appeal to the conscious virtue of a generous heart, an effect as far beyond the force of anger, as surpassing that of the rigid rebukes of those who pretend to possess a stoical apathy.

No sooner was *Charles* alone, than he abandoned himself to disagreeable reflexions, reflexions which but too truly anticipated the impending mischiefs.—When obliged to join the company below, he made his stay as short as might be consistent with good-manners, and not draw enquiring eyes upon him. At night, he laid himself down rather to be the sport of waking thoughts, or toss in troubled dreams, than to take the pleasure of refreshing sleep. He rose before the sun, and penned a pathetic letter to his father, which he delivered to the pious

ous *Welden*, who had kept his word, and was ready with his cover, in which having inclosed it, they sent it by a servant that evening with an order to put it into the post-office.

This letter was couched in terms so elegant and persuasive, as shewed at once the goodness of the head and heart of the writer. He began by a soothing preparation for the disagreeable truth, he was about to unfold, then followed an epitomé of the story, which *Charles* had told more fully in his; and this he intermixed with some apposite reflexions on human weakness, concluding the whole, with his opinion of the affair, delivered in the most respectful manner, and an address to the humanity of his friend.

Never did virtue plead more strongly for the pardon of other's failings, never did conscious worth shine more distinguished with sincere humanity, than in this elegant performance, which would doubtless have had the desired success, but for an incident with which, in due time, we shall acquaint the reader.

But while *Charles* was impatiently waiting the return of the post for an answer to this double address, Mr. *Nairne* was making what he deemed the most prudent

use of the knowledge he had newly acquired of that young gentleman's connexions, and in person waited on Mr. *Arran*, to warn him of the danger that was to be apprehended of his daughter's matching with one of whose character he instilled no very favourable ideas, and added, that a marriage between *Charles* and *Harriet* would be entirely against the consent of his father and friends, who in such a case would abandon him to his evil fortunes, and never see him more.

This circumstance alone was sufficient to induce the father of *Harriet* to enter into any scheme that might preserve his daughter, whom he really loved, from misery, at the same time that it would keep his authority as a parent inviolate and give him an opportunity of matching her to more advantage, in some family where a greater acquisition of wealth might follow the matrimonial contract, a consideration which had no small weight in his opinion of things.

After some time spent in serious consultation, it was resolved that Miss *Arran* should be sent into the country, where she was to remain under the care of some faithful domestic, till this affair should be settled, the varying circumstances of which

which were to determine the share of liberty permitted her to enjoy.

This was accordingly carried into execution with great speed ; for that evening while *Harriet* was sitting reading in her closet, an employment to which she devoted constantly certain morning and evening hours, she received a little note from her father, intimating that she must prepare to set out for his seat in ———*shire*, next morning before sunrise, on an affair of importance, which he himself, accompanying her, would communicate by the way. Short as the warning was, her willingness to obey the commands of her father, which she never accustomed herself to enquire into the causes of, farther than he chose to reveal, removed all obstacles, and when the post-chariot was brought to the door, she was ready ; though the impatience of her father, naturally eager in all his pursuits, had occasioned it to be prepared a full half hour before the time. She stepped in with a chearful countenance, and Mr. *Arran* for the benefit of conversation placed himself beside her, while his *faithful* domestic (though a female, whose praises we shall have occasion to sound in the following sheets) trotted along for

many miles on that gentleman's horse, which otherwise himself would have preferred to all the chariots in the world.

No sooner had they begun to set forward, than he proceeded to open the cause of the journey to *Harriet*, glossing over, however, her confinement, under the specious names of preserving her virtue from any ill imputations, as she would be in a place of her father's own appointment, a consideration which must blunt all the shafts of malice, and strike the venomous tongue of slander dumb: but how well soever he might gild the bitter pill, *Harriet* was not so deceived; she saw all the evils which must necessarily be attendant on her removal from her father and friends to a lonely habitation, (for such it had been since his residence in town) under the charge of a servant, and this not her own waiting-woman, but one of whose bad heart she had seen many instances. All this she represented to Mr. *Arran*, and begged he would be himself the guardian of her honour, promising an implicit obedience to his appointments, or at least (when that proposal was rejected) that he would alter his choice of a gover-nante for her, in her solitude. But he was fixed, he was immoveable, no more
that

that tender father she had ever found him ; the insinuations of Mr. *Nairne* had made their way into his heart, and steeled it against her remonstrances.—He told her, “ A daughter’s greatest honour was to comply with her father’s commands.—That he knew she loved.—That passion was blind, and he was therefore resolved to put it out of her power to do at one time, what herself would severely repent, and even blame him for not preventing, at another.” As to the person he had chosen, he said, “ She was utterly mistaken in her opinion of that good woman, as a little experience would shew, if she had but prudence enough to conceal her dislike so far as not to prejudice that servant against her.”—He concluded with an argument with her ever unanswerable : “ That it was his positive and unalterable resolution she should go to his seat, which, to repine at, would draw on him discontent and trouble, and on her his highest displeasure ; but that if she complied, he would pass by her ill-placed love as a youthful folly, never force her inclinations to any match she could not approve, and she might still be assured of his favour and protection.”

To

To such arguments, though far from being convinced, the gentle *Harriet* yielded without further opposition:—She loved and feared her father, and was now determined to make the sacrifice, of what? her *liberty*? — That were a trifle; but far more—of her *love*, to his pleasure.—Her gentle bosom heaved one deep sigh, and a few silent tears trickled down her beautiful cheeks, like the dews of morning descending on the soft blooming flowers of the spring, the snowy lily, and the blushing rose.—With joy the deluded parent saw a compliance which cost his daughter so dear, and kissed her in token of continued affection; then telling her, he had accompanied her so far, only to prepare her for a stroke, which might otherwise have fallen heavier than he intended, he mounted his horse, which the governante quitting, after receiving his last charge, assumed her place, beside the lovely mourner, in the chariot. And here, however disagreeable such company may be, we must leave them to pursue their journey together, and return to the Hero of our History.

Six long days, as many weary nights, waited he for an answer to his letter. At
length

length one arrived, written in a very obscure style, and containing matter very irksome and disagreeable: What was yet more surprizing, there appeared in it a studied care to avoid taking any notice of the contents of the two letters he and his tutor had been at so much pains about: yet they could not imagine but Mr. *Searle* must have received them, by two or three hints dropped, on purpose, in the course of the epistle; such as, that "A prompt compliance was better, and would have more force than twenty pathetic declamations." — That "his letter had come to hand in good time." — That "Mr. *Welden*'s piety deserved acknowledgment." — And that "he was sorry to find his son a seducer of innocence," &c.

This was all one continued mystery to *Charles*, who little suspected what treachery had been practised against his happiness; but it was otherwise with his friend; though he knew not *what*, he was not much at a loss *whom* to suspect; and though he could not tell the nature and consequences of this letter, yet he dreaded some very disagreeable ones from it, and the more so, by a kind of constrained complaisance in Mr. *Nairne*, which, though

though it deceived his nephew, appeared too plainly as an over-acted part, and a mask to cover mischief, to the more discerning eyes of *Welden*, who began to be pretty well acquainted with the temper of that gentleman.—'Tis true, he had often deceived men of great penetration, but then it was when he was well apprized whom he had to deal with. But having entertained some thoughts of bringing the tutor into his schemes against his pupil, (to whom, indeed, he had, more than once, obliquely hinted at several emoluments which might arise from such a conduct, and did not yet despair to gain him) he had unawares laid himself too open to his view; a false step, which he never after could recover.

This induced him to think of getting the clergyman removed from *Charles* as soon as possible, being a dangerous spy upon his actions.—And for this he soon found an opportunity; for young *Arlington* having received no answer to his letter, which he thought demanded an immediate one, suspecting it might have miscarried, wrote another to the same effect, and more enlarged, containing an epitomé of the story of *Charlotte*, to Mr. *Nairne* himself. This was as welcome as unexpected

pected to him, who had never dreamed (with all his cunning) of that intrigue. He immediately began to build on this foundation the disgrace of his kinsman. He wrote to his father, and set the affair in the blackest light, not forgetting to paint the good *Welden* in the worst of colours, as the most unfaithful as well as the most ungrateful of men ; adding that Miss *Merton's* original letter was still in that gentleman's possession, and cautioning him to suspend the full force of his anger till that could be sent him, an undertaking which he charged himself with ; and to which purpose, he gave secret orders within an hour after the receipt of the abovementioned, that all letters of *Charles's*, or his tutor's, should be first brought to him before they were carried either to or from them. And in pursuance of this order, the pathetic epistles intended for Mr. *Searle*, were that very night brought to him, who, without scruple, opened, read, and destroyed them, rewarding the servant for his compliance.

How often do the best-laid schemes owe their success more to chance than human wisdom ! Of what effect would all the malice joined to all the art of this false relation

relation have proved, if these warm, these persuasive addresses, aided by the voice of nature, had been sent as they were intended!——They would have touched his heart, and prevented that breach which cost him afterwards so many sorrows.—But now Mr. *Nairne* exulted in his triumphant deceit; and having made such alterations as this new discovery suggested to him, he dispatched his packet, repeating the caution to Mr. *Searle* of writing rather coldly than angrily to his son, a caution which, as we see, he followed exactly; and this accounts for those mysterious paragraphs we have noticed; for as to the *declamations* mentioned, they referred only to the partial relation the uncle had given of *Charles's* pathetic speech, mentioned in Chap. IV. and “the letter coming to hand in due time,” was meant of *Charlotte's* letter, “for which he said *Welden's* piety deserved acknowledgment, with the added hint, that he never before suspected *Charles* to be a seducer of innocence.”

Thus have we cleared up this affair to the reader, which still remained a mystery to our Hero, who found himself seemingly as much caressed as ever by his uncle;

nay,

day, he condoled with him on the "*unfeeling heart*," as he termed it, of his "*too rigid parent*."—But in the meanwhile he was preparing another trial for the youth; he knew him to possess in the highest degree the feelings of humanity, and resolved to touch him in that tender part. He previously gave out that his daughter *Emily* was sick, who kept first her room, then her bed, and was at last declared, by means of his artifice, to be dangerously ill. He engaged *Welden* out one day with a particular acquaintance of his, and then set every thing in order for the execution of his scheme. When *Charles* enquired after his daughter's health that morning, he shook his head, and appeared unable to utter a word, and on the repetition of the kind question, he seemed to suppress a rising sigh, and answered, "Bad indeed! O *Charles*!"—and quitted the room in apparent confusion.

At dinner he did not appear at table as usual; but dined in his closet, whither in a little time *Charles* was sent for by his uncle, who after telling him, in a speech intermixed with lamentations, that *Emily* was dying, and for love of him, he led him into a chamber that received no other
light

light than that of a lamp which glimmered in the chimney, then conducted him to the side of *Emily*, where she lay stretched on a couch, as in a soft slumber. Beside her stood various bottles, gallipots, draughts, juleps, and all the vain parade of physic. For her own part, she seemed laid in a manner perfectly negligent; but it was such a one the hand of art had disposed to set off her beauties, on which the dancing rays of interrupted light played sportive, to the best advantage. Her cheeks seemed bedewed with tears, and her displayed bosom still heaved with gentle murmurs. This careless attitude, which may be equally the effect of grief or of a luxurious flow of pleasure, gave a propriety to what else might seem strange, the disclosure of her charms, which to say the truth, had lost nothing of their force by sickness, and which were allowed to swell upon the sight with an enchanting freedom.

As they drew near, “Alas! poor girl! (said her father,) see where she has wept herself asleep;” and then turning to *Charles* who was retiring lest he should disturb her, “Do not go—see her once before she *dies*.”—“Before she *dies*!—
(“ecchoed

“(ecchoed *Charles*) now Heaven forbid
“she should die on my account.” “Yet
“what else can be expected? (said Mr.
“*Nairn*) — you are set against the
“match, and I cannot, I will not have
“the least concern in force:—Yet it is
“hard, it is very hard!”—Here he turned
aside, and wiped his eyes.—Nor could
his nephew help being affected with the
manner in which those words were de-
livered.

Meanwhile *Emily* opened her eyes, and
her father went up to her to enquire of
her rest: having received an answer in a
very low voice, he told her in the same
key, that he had brought one he believed
she would be glad to see, and so saying
he presented *Charles* to her. She gazed
earnestly at him, and then said, in a low
tone: “Are you then come to glory
“over your conquest? Alas, what need of
“that!”—Tenderness began now to pos-
sess the heart of the youth, and he thus
replied: “Do not, oh! do not charge
“me with such savage inhumanity; I pity
“you—Alas! I too am unhappy—I
“came to sooth your griefs.” To sooth
(returned she) there was a time when
that word might have revived me;
but it is now too late;—my fate is ap-
proaching

“proaching—my illness wears me fast
 “away, and I am going to leave this
 “world in my prime; but if I have
 “strength sufficient to sustain this inter-
 “view, and bless you with my parting
 “breath, I shall die content.” Here
 the wily father, seeming in an agony of
 grief, suffered himself to be led out by
 the attendants, as he had before concert-
 ed, in order to leave his kinsman alone,
 with one whose arts, he had great reason
 to flatter himself, would triumph over the
 native simplicity and goodness of his
 heart.

When they were alone together, the
 solemn farce proceeded, and *Emily* played
 her part so well with broken speeches,
 affected faintings, and ever ready tears,
 that *Charles* departed, softened by the in-
 fectious weakness, and full of disturbed
 and irresolute fancies, which varied like
 the morning clouds.

[And here let not the supercilious cri-
 tic be too hasty to condemn as *unnatural*
 the genuine workings of *pure nature*; or
 object that such deceits are easy to be
 discovered. By those bred in our great
 metropolis, we grant they may; for there
 fraud is as well known as firmly esta-
 blished; But these gentlemen will do well

to reflect, that *Charles*, though he had a good share of sense, had not as yet gained this kind of experience, which, indeed, he purchased dearly enough in the subsequent scenes of his life. Should not all this suffice for an answer, we will only modestly urge, that every one (critics especially) should be careful not to brand things rashly as *unnatural*, always remembering, that nothing can be so, which is *real*; and should that be the case here, they will lie then under the same censures as those wise ancients, who hissed a real pig for squeaking, declaring that he did not squeak *naturally*. Nay, they will deserve still more contempt, since in that affair the stage-player kept the animal concealed, and pretended only imitation; whereas we professedly take our scenes from real life; * a card by which while we steer, we venture fearless on the boundless waste, the *mare criticum* of this cavilling age.]

The tutor was no sooner returned, (who had been all this while artfully detained abroad,) than *Nairne*, who despaired any longer of blinding him, and resolved to back one device immediately with

* See PREFACE.

with another, returned to his old scheme of bringing him over, and sent for him into his study, where he opened his whole heart to him, not even omitting to inform him of the trick he had so lately put on his pupil, whose amour with *Charlotte* he professed the knowledge of, and earnestly solicited his advice and assistance. He then proceeded to expatiate on the certain advantages of such a conduct, to which purpose he did not fail to set in the strongest light the ascendancy he had over Mr. *Searle*, and its consequences; and, to conclude the whole, plainly hinted, that if he rejected his proposals, he would take care his stay in the family should not be long; whereas if he acquiesced he would do him all manner of service, and would get him presented to a living then vacant worth one hundred and fifty pounds a year, as an earnest of his future favour.

The only emotion that this speech raised in *Welden's* breast was detestation of so scandalous a proposal, and contempt of a wretch who could use such base means to compass his ends, which had no alternative but that of aggrandizing and gratifying himself and his family at any expence of peace, or even conscience,

or

or force upon the free mind of another, or else to involve in ruin the man whom he could not bring to make such a sacrifice.

An honest indignation flushed on his cheek, and his heart glowed with a generous ardour. But prudence was a part of his character, prudence drawn from an experience how ill virtue without such aid is able to repel the shafts of injurious overbearing rage, or avoid the more secret darts of lurking malice. Well he knew how little such a man as Mr. *Nairne* would brook either his generous anger, or just contempt. He paused, therefore, a while, and returned an answer in the following words.

“ Sir, were I to be offered immense
“ riches, or all the emoluments that
“ wealth can procure, on the one hand,
“ and threatened with all the evils of
“ poverty or ruin itself, on the other, I
“ would not hesitate a moment, whether
“ I should or should not betray my trust
“ or my virtue. It is not fortune, it is
“ not pleasure, that can give real happiness, it is conscious innocence: and I
“ should stand condemned in my own
“ words, which yourself have often heard
VOL. I. E “ delivered

“ delivered to this purpose, were I to
 “ think they could. This is not the cant
 “ of hypocrisy, but the sincere language
 “ of my heart.—To the person in que-
 “ stion, I am doubly bound by my ties
 “ of gratitude to *his* family, let me say
 “ to *yours*, for sure they are the same;
 “ and were I false to *him*, what assurance
 “ could you have that I would be true
 “ to *you*? If inclination led him to the
 “ arms of Miss *Emilia*; if there were no
 “ obstacles in his way, I confess it would
 “ be a match much to be wished, and
 “ the first thing I myself would advise.
 “ But you see it is far otherwise, and he
 “ must sacrifice his peace, and even his
 “ conscience, to such an union; nay, more,
 “ he must solemnly give his hand where
 “ his heart is not his to give,—and then
 “ who knows the consequence even to
 “ the poor lady herself, who may per-
 “ haps too late wish her *love* had not been
 “ gratified at the expence of her *happi-*
 “ *ness*. Reflect, I beseech you, on these
 “ things, and drive not a poor youth to
 “ despair, to whom you are as a father.
 “ Faults he has committed; but sincere-
 “ ly has he repented of them, and we
 “ can no otherwise recall what is past:
 “ Heaven itself requires no more of us.
 “ But

“ But I am persuaded I cannot tell Mr. *Nairne* more in these cases than he knows ; and well may I hope this was only a trial of my fidelity in a point so tender. If so, rest assured, Sir, such as you have found it this day, such will you always find it, inviolable and unshaken.”

Though Mr. *Nairne* well knew this last to be but a saving clause, he had address enough to take so much hold of it, as might save him from confusion. He therefore said, with an affected composure, he was glad to find Mr. *Searle* had made so good a choice, and avowing that it was only a trial, thanked him coldly for his faithfulness, and dismissed him, nothing satisfied in mind with what had passed.

It will be needless to observe, that neither was Mr. *Nairne* at all softened by the compliment at the end of the clergyman’s discourse, neither was *Welden* at all altered in his opinions by the conclusion of Mr. *Nairne*’s ; but, on the contrary, each looked on the other to be an enemy so dangerous, as would require his utmost skill and prudence to guard against.

In this humour they separated, one to his closet, to plot fresh mischiefs, and the other to his dear pupil, to whom, with-

76. *The W A N D E R E R.*

out reserve, he related all that had passed in a conversation, in which his examiner did not so much as enjoin him secrecy, naturally supposing it would have been of very little weight if he had. *Charles* was astonished to find that the misery which had wrought so powerfully on him was a mere phantom, and began to dread every thing from such deep heads and designing hearts, as he found he had here to deal with.—On *Welden* alone, his tutor, his protector, and a name of far more weight, his *friend*, on him only he relied. But he had too much sagacity to imagine his stay would be long after what had happened, and he was not deceived; for in a few days came a letter from the country to Mr. *Nairne*, commanding him to discharge the tutor of a young man, who seemed ambitious of acting above his years, and a few lines inclosed to him, ordering him to deliver up all his papers, and *Charles* to do the same, and particularly enjoining that *Charlotte's* letter should be sent. This was accordingly done, and *Welden* had but two hours given him in which to quit the house, for *Nairne* deemed it imprudent to suffer him to stay till the return of *Charles*, who at that time was abroad. The good man obeyed

obeyed without expostulation, and left the house accordingly, with still farther threats both on him and his pupil; if any correspondence, personal or literary, should in future be discovered between them.

This stroke was sudden; young *Searle* returning, asked, as was his custom, where his tutor was, and could not help venting some violent exclamations when he heard he was gone. He had not, indeed, returned in the best of humours, for he had just been apprized of Miss *Harriet's* seclusion in the country, on which various ill-natured remarks had been made, but easily he judged it his uncle's work, though he could not conceive why, in such a case, he needed to exact so strict a promise from him not to correspond with one whom he had resolved to take methods to remove so far; but this was one of the master strokes and *doubling* artifices, which this gentleman often made use of to puzzle those who tried to fathom his schemes.

Glowing with vexation, *Charles* sought out his uncle, and in a manner somewhat abrupt, asked the cause of this so sudden dismissal of his tutor. The latter, without seeming to regard the manner in which he made the demand, satisfied him, by

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calmly delivering into his own hands his father's letter.

The express order therein contained for that proceeding, and the many cutting expressions from one whom he had always revered, converted the resentment that before had filled his heart into grief, and he long stood brooding over it, when his uncle, in a mild tone, said, "Sit down, kinsman, and compose yourself; "I can't but allow you some time to "reconcile yourself to this unexpected "stroke; but you were deceived in that "man, he was not what you, or, indeed, "what I thought him; I do not doubt "but he has blackened my character "with you sufficiently; but all will be "right now he is gone: he was a great "hypocrite, indeed!" "Oh! Sir, (cried *Charles*,) "say not so; for—" "Well, let "that pass (returned the other, interrupting,) "I find my word has not so much "weight with you as his; but time will "bring all to light. Meanwhile, I have "a secret to communicate—would you "think it, (forcing a smile,) *Emily* has "deceived us both; it was a woman's "artifice, as such, I hope you'll forgive "it, but probably *you* suspected it all the "time." The youth was amazed to hear

hear how deliberately he delivered, as perfectly new, what he might well think was known before, and how dextrously he excused himself from any share in what he had so lately gloried in the contrivance of. But to answer dissimulation in its own way, as well as he was able, he pretended ignorance, and awkwardly counterfeited a surprize; so awkwardly, indeed, that it did not require his uncle's talents to discover it. "Well," pursued he; but I hope, though this "is a deceit I am far from approving, "you will not expose a girl, whose crime "was the consequence of love." And while he spoke this, it was easy, by the air of triumph in his looks, to discover he had taken his methods, so as to have nothing to fear from that quarter.

He then ran on in a long speech, setting forth how sorry he was for the unhappy breach that had occasioned so much uneasiness in the family, and promising his utmost interest to heal it, if forgetting *Welden*, and every thing that had past, *Charles* would rely solely on him, and confide in his power and will to serve him; for, said he, "THAT IS A SACRIFICE I EXPECT FROM THOSE IN MY CHARGE, AND THAT ONCE MADE,

"I AM EVER AFTER THEIR BEST
"FRIEND."

This last part of his speech was managed so artfully, that, notwithstanding all that had passed, the poor youth scarce knew how to interpret it: and bursting into tears, begged his cruel kinsman sincerely to keep his professions, and promised implicitly to obey him in every thing it was possible for him to comply with.

To do justice to one of the worst of men, this artless simplicity of the full heart of *Charles*, in spite of all his resolution, moved him; but he soon recalled his wonted firmness to his aid, and having raised his kinsman, repeated his assurances of a friendship, the first fruits of which, he begged might be a reconciliation between him and *Emilia*; and to this purpose she was introduced, covered with blushes, when *Charles*, thus once more softened, sealed on her lips a hearty forgiveness of the trick she had put upon him, and strove to comfort her for a confusion, which was no less affected than the cause assigned for it.

And now for some time Mr. *Nairne* seemed to redouble his civilities, in hopes to gain him over. This was the last trial intended, and in case that should fail, the
unhappy

unhappy youth was devoted to ruin. Meanwhile his father was amused, by his brother, with assurances, that he was not without some prospect of BRINGING HIS SON TO REASON : so he termed it.

But all this time, that gentleman understood the phrase in a sense quite different to what was put upon it by his brother ; he was made to believe, that all his child's sufferings were only intended to bring him to a due sense of his duty, and induce him to marry *Emily* ; while *Charlotte* was represented in a quite different light to what she deserved, whom otherwise, Mr. *Searle*, laying aside all thoughts of pomp or wealth, would gladly have received as a daughter, she having sprung, as we observed, from a good family, and been genteely educated. But now he was still resolute on the match with *Emily*, and looked on *Charles* as attempting to seduce *Harriet*, as he had done *Charlotte*. While these things were passing, in spite of all the vigilance of Mr. *Nairne*, *Charles* received a letter from *Welden*, inclosing two others, as he was walking one day in the garden, and hastening to his room, he broke open the cover, and read as follows.

E 5

“ Dear

“ Dear S I R,

“ THOUGH banished from your presence, I am yet careful for your good,
“ and send you this, the first and last
“ letter I intend you, till it please Heaven
“ your affairs take a different turn, for
“ reasons too long to enumerate. Inclosed I send two letters, one giving an
“ account of the cruel confinement of
“ Miss *Arran*, and the other full of expostulations from the mourning *Charlotte*. They were both delivered to me
“ open, and the same messenger who
“ brought the latter, I employ to deliver
“ you this—You may trust him—he is
“ faithful.—I have a hundred things to
“ tell you, but my time will not allow
“ me; for I steal a few minutes unserved to pen this. Keep yourself as
“ blameless as possible; be sincere, but
“ cautious, and take care how you choose
“ your friends. Do justice to *Charlotte*,
“ if possible. Wed not *Emily* on any
“ account; for, besides your vow and
“ connexions with Miss *Merton*, there are
“ many reasons should dissuade you from
“ it: she is ambitious, cruel, deceitful;
“ and, should you make your peace with
“ your

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“ your father by such a match, she will
“ embroil you with him in a fatal acci-
“ dent, the scandal of which, as her
“ husband, you cannot escape. In a
“ word, if you value even the *life* of my
“ honoured friend, your dear father, I
“ charge you do not be so overseen, as
“ once to seem consenting to it. There
“ is parricide in the very thought. Ask
“ me not how I came by this know-
“ ledge; the story is too long to tell,
“ nor is it safe; but me you may well
“ believe. I have already written too
“ much: Adieu! my dear pupil; that
“ Heaven may guard you from the snares
“ spread round you, forgive those fail-
“ ings you so dearly abide, and shower
“ on you its choicest gifts and graces;
“ are the prayers of,

“ Dear SIR,

“ Your most sincere friend

“ and servant,

“ J. WELDEN.”

The inclosed letters were affecting;
one was written by a gentleman unknown,
E 6 and

and set forth, in a pathetic manner, the story of poor Miss *Arran*, which we have already related, only carrying it on to her arrival in the country, and containing some descriptions which will be inserted at large in their proper place.

The other was filled with tender reproaches from Miss *Merton*; yet such as shewed her not capable of venting rougher rebukes. She complained that she had received no answer to her letter, unknowing what had happened; for that second messenger of love she hinted at had no better success than the first, having like that, in its fate as well as contents, fallen into the hands of Mr. *Nairne*, in consequence of the order mentioned in the preceding pages.

Such intelligence returned to our hero's heart its wonted firmness, and steeled his breast with a resolution, which being ashamed so often to have been the sport of passions, he determined ever after to maintain; and nothing so much conduced to this as the hints concerning his father's safety. He could no more listen to *Emily*, whom now he looked on as a siren that was luring him on to his destruction, and her father as the worst of monsters; nor indeed could his fancy well paint ei-
ther

ther of them in worse colours than those in which the impartial hand of truth must draw them in this history.

His countenance was visibly altered, and so great a change appeared in his behaviour, that his uncle soon suspected something beyond his knowledge had happened, and resolving at all events to find out what it was, he procured a key to be made to the *escrutoire* where he knew his kinsman lodged all his papers, and by such means, with ease possessed himself of the three letters, which having read, he deposited again where he had found them, and was no longer at a loss to guess at the secret. But this was a method he never durst have taken while *Welden* staid. Too well he remembered the *Greek* fable, and removed the guardian before he ruined his charge.

As he now plainly perceived all his efforts for an union of the two cousins would prove ineffectual; and as he swelled with rage to find his dark schemes were open at least to one good man, (though he had taken means pretty effectual to invalidate all he might say) he sought earnestly the utter ruin of the unhappy youth, and immediately set all his engines to work in a letter to his father,
in

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in which, after magnifying his own forbearance, and talking much of moderation, he put the finishing hand to all his mischiefs there, by declaring *Charles* vile and incorrigible. The answer this produced, and its consequences, will be seen in the next chapter. The present one has been long, indeed; but as it contains so many things necessary to be known for the better understanding the ensuing ones, and such as were too closely connected to admit a separation, we hope the reader will, on that account, excuse it.

C H A P.

C H A P. VI.

The last conversation of Charles with his uncle. His letter to that base relation. He quits the house.

THE cold behaviour of *Charles* was returned by his uncle, and common civility was now all that passed between them, till one day the former sent for the latter into his closet, and told him, with an air of triumph, he had a letter for him. The poor young gentleman opened it with a trembling hand, and read such a one as the most abandoned child might be supposed to receive from an highly injured parent, concluding with a prohibition of ever seeing his face again, utterly disowning him for a son, and solemnly vowing to disinherit him.

His spirits held but to read it, and then, overcome with grief, he sunk upon the floor. His uncle, though not moved with pity, was somewhat confounded at the accident, as fearing it might make a noise in the neighbourhood: he rang instantly for a servant, with whose assistance he recovered him, and then, doubting his presence might occasion a relapse, he withdrew awhile; but soon returned,
and

and finding his nephew's strength pretty well recovered, he said, "You see, cousin, to what your obstinacy has brought you; I've done all in my power to prevent it.—But me you never minded. On the contrary, notwithstanding my strict charge, you have corresponded with my greatest enemy. Be not amazed: I know it; but I defy his malice and the world's, to blacken a character so well established as mine."

Here *Charles* could not forbear an answer full of invectives; yet he thus concluded, "If notwithstanding all this, you would have me believe any thing you assert, how can you better enforce your words, than by an act of mercy, by saving a poor unhappy relation whom you have it in your power to ruin.—Oh! do that, and I will recall all I have said, and my oppressed heart shall bless you."

Tears stopped his words: but his uncle coldly replied: "No, *Charles*; it is now too late: there was a time in which I might have served you; and that time you slighted. Now I cannot—nevertheless I am sorry for what has happened; but according to the strict injunctions of your father, this night
" must

" must be the last of your stay with me
" or any of our family. And this bill
" he sends you, the last you will ever re-
" ceive from him, to accommodate you on
" your journey, any where if it be not to-
" wards his house or mine." So saying,
he walked abruptly off, leaving the paper
he mentioned lying on the table.

Charles when alone was for some time
a prey to melancholy reflexions, but at last
resolving not to pass another night under
that inhospitable roof, he began to pack
up his cloaths, for which purpose his
good uncle had taken care he should not
want assistance, and having finished that
work, he retired into his chamber, where
he wrote the following lines and left on
his toilet, sealed up, and directed for Mr.
Nairne, whom he saw no more. It was
to this purport.

" S I R,

" EMBARKING as I am in the wide
" world, an orphan, friendless, and for-
" saken, I cannot help, in the fulness of
" my heart, leaving you this remembrance
" of my former self; a remembrance,
" which perhaps may embitter your
" most pleasant moments.—Torn from
" every thing that is dear to me, every
" thing

“ thing that could sweeten life, I am now
“ coming defenceless into the midst of
“ evils and temptations; and should any
“ wicked and desperate actions be the con-
“ sequence of this step, can you hope to
“ be accounted blameless? Can *you*, I
“ say; for know, thou worst of guar-
“ dians, (I will not call by a name more
“ bitter one so nearly allied to my father)
“ know that I am not ignorant that pa-
“ rent has no other share in all this, than
“ what he has unwittingly appropriated
“ to himself by heeding such pernicious
“ counsels. But for me, what remains
“ but evil and misery, misfortune on
“ misfortune?—Such as, though far from
“ so innocent as I could wish I were, yet
“ from you I have never deserved: but I
“ have erred, and heaven by you has
“ punished me, punished me in the most
“ tender part, the affections, the good-
“ will of my father; father, did I say!
“ He was father, mother, all to me, and
“ I have lost him irrecoverably. Alas!
“ I have but one parent now, the great
“ protector of orphans; may you find
“ more favour at *his* hands, than I have
“ found at *yours*.—To me alone, your
“ rage is not confined; I shudder to think
“ of one who might have felt it—too
“ well

"well you will guess my meaning. The
"unhappy *Harriet* (though my vow,
"and her own strict obedience might have
"been security enough) yet what does
"she suffer on *mine* or rather on *your* ac-
"count. If you are capable of one good
"thought, (Heaven, that I should thus
"address my father's brother!) reflect on
"these things, and then ask your own
"heart how much reason you have to
"triumph in the ruin of

"Your unhappy kinsman,

"CHARLES SEARLE."

When he had finished this, he ordered a
servant to call a coach, and having
placed his portmanteau behind it, he set
off, ordering the coachman, in a low whis-
per, to drive to an inn well known, and
giving him money to take a place in the
S—— Stage for *W——r*, where he chose
rather to spend the night than in a house
which was become so hateful to him.

And now, gentle reader, we will apo-
logize for having carried thee thus up and
down from place to place, and seemingly
without any regularity throughout this
whole book, which being the first of the
History, such irregular proceedings could
not

not well be dispensed with, but in return for this patience and long-suffering, we now promise thee more rest, or at least more warning to prepare for thy journeys.

In a word; we now intend to proceed in a method which to the critics will appear more methodical, while we trace through his various peregrinations, the Hero of our Story.

In the course of these Adventures there will not always be found those glaring, those striking figures, which are generally deemed the life of the *Nouvelle*, and are too frequently but so many monsters, which, like the dragon and griffin, exist only in the warm imagination of the author, uncorrected by solid judgment. Here will oftener appear those far more natural ones, where the kindly mixture of light and shade neither disgust with a gloomy darkness, nor oppress with too much lustre. Such are what will more frequently occur in pictures taken like this from the *life*, which is the sole merit the Compiler pretends to; though he frankly confesses that a well-wrought fable, whose plan is imitation, may give even more delight, and lay a claim to higher merit, as the task is more difficult, in many respects, to *invent* a tale, than to
relate

relate it: yet to relate one well, has ever been deemed an excellence likewise, as it tends to good-humour, instruction, mirth, and entertainment.

And thus we conclude the first book of Mr. *Searle's* Adventures.

END *of the* FIRST BOOK.



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THE
WANDERER.

BOOK the SECOND.

CHAP. I.

*Charles arrives at the Inn. Sets out for
W——r. Adventure of the stage.
History of Mr. Clare.*

FATIGUED, and in great disorder, our Hero arrived at his inn, where the coachman, according to his orders, took a place for him for W——r in the S—— stage, which was to set out the next day from *London*.

No sooner was he alone, than he abandoned himself to disagreeable reflections. His mind was agitated with a crowd of confused ideas, that pressed one upon another like the waves of a troubled sea.
Which

Which way soever he turned, misery and ruin awaited him; abandoned, forsaken, unpitied, and even deprived of the sad comfort of a friend, to sympathize with him in his sorrows.

Often did he wish for his beloved *Welden*, whose consolatory counsels might have made this distress at least more tolerable; but, alas! he knew not whether he should ever again behold that pious conductor of his youth. In this distracted situation he attempted to write to his father, but was obliged, after two or three fruitless efforts, to desist from an attempt which required deliberation, and a far more tranquil state of mind than he could be then supposed to possess.

As it was known in the inn, that he intended to set out for *W——r*, the people of the house sent just at this juncture to know if he would not sup with the rest of the passengers; a proposal which he declined; submitting merely, for form's sake, to have a table set in his apartment, at which, it is easy to imagine, he could not sit down with the least appetite. Many troublesome affiduities he was, however, obliged to bear from the attendants, one of whom, conducting him to bed, told him the stage set out for *S——*,
as

at three in the morning, and plagued him with some trifling questions on that head.

At the name of *S*——, *Charles* started, (being in a deep reverie, he had forgot his intended journey,) and fixing his eyes stedfastly on the waiter, demanded *where?* in a tone so wild, as astonished him; and, repeating the word, he instantly quitted the room, and communicated this extraordinary affair to those below, not failing to make a long descant on the terrible word, *where?* which seemed so absurd a question from one who had absolutely already declared himself a passenger in the coach. He concluded by observing, with a significant shake of his head, that “’Twas pity; for he was a fine young gentleman—But what’s for that?—his upper story (as the saying is) must certainly be out of repair.”

This construction put on Mr. *Searle*’s words, delivered him entirely from farther impertinence; and it was even with difficulty he could get any of the servants to approach, in order to receive his directions for the journey which he now recollected he was to take, and which done, they quickly left him to such repose as a heart so oppressed could find.—Long he lay the prey of disagreeable thoughts;

and no sooner were his wearied eyes at last closed in sleep, than fancy began to be as busy in tormenting him, as reflexion had been before; and after a variety of ill-joined thoughts, and monstrous images, presented him with the following dream :

He thought a youth of a comely visage entered his apartment, and bade him rise immediately; then conveyed him, through many disagreeable and dismal scenes, to a fine garden, where he saw a female, of exquisite beauty, busied in adorning her glossy hair and snowy bosom with all the flowers of spring. On his approach, she smiled on him with ineffable sweetness, and breaking silence, in a voice which was harmony itself, invited him to a bower, adorned with all that art and nature could bestow. The beauteous blossoms of spring, which mingled with glowing fruits of autumn, the melody of birds, and the gentle fall of murmuring waters, which, after thousand meanders, formed a crystal fountain, bordered with flowers of various hues, all inspired a pleasing languor, and a joy unfelt before. But in the moment he was yielding to the embraces of the enchanting mistress of this palace, the scene changed; the delightful

lightful gardens vanished, and left him in a gloomy desert on the sea-shore; when casting about his eyes to discover his fair-one, she was gone, and he beheld in her room a bloody corse, stabbed in several places, whom, on a nearer view of her face, he knew to be the unhappy *Charlotte Merton*, gasping in the agonies of death. Scarce had he time to recollect himself from this astonishment, when a feeble voice, like that of his father, seemed to call him; on this he turned; but instead of his father, he viewed a youth, directly his own image, assaulted by a monstrous boar, who was just on the point of destroying him, when a person of grave aspect approached, leading a trembling damsel; and striking the terrible beast with a white wand he held in his hand, he fell down dead at his feet; then all vanished together. Meanwhile the sea advancing with a roaring noise, covered the spot where he stood, and he soon found himself sinking beneath the swelling waves, when suddenly a boat appeared, into which he found himself conveyed by an invisible hand, while a voice exclaimed, "*It is enough, unhappy youth; here end thy sufferings!*"—And at the same time he perceived his uncle sinking in the trou-

bled ocean, from whence *Harriet* ascended in a car, adorned with coral, pearls, and gold ; but with a veil over her eyes, and a mirrour in her hand. The car was drawing near over the subsiding surges, which were now wrought into a calm, presenting a most agreeable prospect of a delightful shore, when Mr. *Searle* was wakened by the usual call, to get ready for the coach.

He obeyed the summons, and rose in some confusion, not without making many reflexions on his extraordinary dream, which (though far from being a superstitious observer of such incidents) he penned down, together with the time, in his pocket-book.

As soon as he was ready he threw himself into the coach, where for near three hours a profound silence reigned, till the passengers were invited to get out to breakfast; but *Charles* to avoid impertinence chose to remain where he was while the rest refreshed themselves : and the same resolution was taken by another passenger for the same reason.

When the other four were gone into the house, this stranger addressed himself to our Hero in the following manner.
 “ Mr. *Searle*, I hope you will excuse the
 “ liberty

“liberty I am about to take ; I dare say
“you will be surprized to find in this
“company one who knows your name,
“and much more so, to meet with one
“who is acquainted with your affairs.
“To you I am not personally known.—
“But your name, family, and cruel treat-
“ment, I am not a stranger to. I once
“had a friend named *Welden*, to whom I
“owe this intelligence, and for whose
“sake I shall gladly render any service to
“you, in the compass of my small abi-
“lities.” Here Mr. *Searle* interrupted
him with great eagerness, to enquire what
was become of his tutor ; to which the
stranger replied in the following words.

“I wish I could satisfy you on that
“head ; but really I know not myself—
“I can only conjecture that he is gone
“abroad.” “Abroad ! said *Charles*,
“then am I friendless indeed. Alas ! I
“hoped to have found that good man ;
“for Heaven knows how much I want
“such a friend to direct my conduct, left
“as I am to myself in the world.—But
“tell me what relation you bear to him.
“I must ever esteem one who is any way
“connected with so good a man, so sin-
“cere a friend.”

" His relation I am not, (returned the
 " young man,) neither do I know to whom
 " I owe my birth: only thus much;
 " nineteen years have elapsed, since I was
 " left an helpless infant in a celebrated inn
 " of court *, closed in a kind of basket
 " stuffed half full of straw, and deserted
 " by those who gave me being.—In this
 " condition a worthy young gentleman
 " of the society found me, and as I was
 " placed near his chambers, accepted me
 " (as he said) as a gift from Heaven, and,
 " regardless of the jokes passed on him
 " for such a piece of humanity, educated
 " me in a genteel manner, and sent me to
 " the university to study the law at
 " M***** College. Pleased with this
 " plant of his own rearing, he delighted
 " to hear of the progress I made, and
 " often declared, he would provide for
 " me whilst he lived, and leave me a pretty
 " fortune whenever it should please Hea-
 " ven to call him: such were his good
 " intentions; but it was otherwise de-
 " creed by my ill fortune. My benefac-
 " tor was one of those who are not easily
 " prevailed on to make a will, till they
 " believe their end near at hand. And
 " being

* Probably the Temple.

“ being no more than a middle-aged man
“ in full health and vigour, he was totally
“ unprepared in that respect, as nothing
“ was farther from his thoughts than the
“ death, which a fatal accident brought
“ upon him. He had wandered one
“ summer’s evening far into the fields
“ alone, and the next day was found
“ robbed and murdered in a ditch near
“ *Kentish-Town*. As he left no will, all
“ his fortune descended of course to the
“ heir at law, who was so far from fol-
“ lowing his generous example, that he
“ would not even pay certain sums due
“ on a former account, and for which I
“ should have been arrested, had not Mr.
“ *Welden*, then on a visit at *Oxford*, seen,
“ compassionate, and relieved me.—
“ Thus did I, now twice an orphan, find
“ a father once more, the continuation of
“ whose favours I experienced from that
“ time till about a fortnight ago, when I
“ received a letter from him, containing
“ an account of his own unhappy situa-
“ tion, and interspersed with many of
“ your adventures. And hearing that a
“ person of the name of *Searle* had taken a
“ place in the coach, I doubted not but it
“ was yourself. My benefactor there hint-
“ ed his intent of seeking better fortunes

" in other climes, as he was obliged to a
 " separation from you and your family.
 " To me he inclosed a recommendation
 " to an eminent lawyer at *W——r*, whi-
 " ther I am going, and if you will share
 " my fortunes, such as they are, they
 " shall ever be yours, out of the respect
 " I owe my dear friend, who loved you
 " so well." He concluded with an offer
 of his purse, of which he would scarce
 take a denial.

The other passengers returning, put an
 end to their conference, and both resumed
 that silence they before had kept; but it
 was otherwise with these gentlemen, they
 re-entered the machine more known to,
 and better pleased with each other, and
 were entertaining enough. One of them
 was a pert young fellow, being very
 inquisitive into the affairs of others, vexed
 to the life at the reserve *Charles* and his
 new friend maintained, began to break
 some ridiculous ill-timed jests upon the
 former; but receiving a tart answer which
 much disgusted him, he remained in a
 very gloomy humour during the remain-
 der of the journey, which, however, was
 taken no notice of by him who was the
 occasion of it, as he was too much taken
 up in the contemplation of his own af-
 fairs,

fairs, to regard any thing else; but Mr. *Clare*, (that was the name the stranger went by) who had seen, though young, a good deal of the various world, and was besides more attentive to what passed, was apprehensive of some mischief from his fullness. He communicated his suspicions to *Charles*, who slighted them, and resumed his contemplations, which continued uninterrupted till the two friends left the rest of the company to proceed towards S——, themselves alighting at a great inn, in W——r.

As soon as they were alone, *Clare* begged to hear a recital of Mr. *Searle*'s adventures from his own mouth, many passages of which even drew tears from the eyes of that humane young gentleman.—To give the reader a more just idea of whom, we will present his picture, not drawn by the luxuriant pencil of romance, nor flourished over with daubings of flattery; but such as honest nature gave to the world, when she presented it with the original.

Mr. *Clare* (as he was called, his real name being unknown) was a youth turned of nineteen, of good natural sense, and a sweet, amiable, gay, open, generous disposition, in his displeasure passionate,

wavering, and easily atoned; — in his friendship and love, warm, assiduous, sincere, and constant. — He was naturally in his other pursuits rather ardent than resolute, rather eager than prudent.

As to his person, he was of the middle stature, jolly, smooth faced, his hair and eyebrows of a dark brown, his complexion ruddy and glowing, but not over fair. His limbs strong for his size, and well proportioned; and had something very engaging in his air. He was not soured by study, though he had applied himself more closely to it, than is usual in general with people of his complexion; but his whole deportment breathed so much sincerity and good nature, as seldom failed to gain him the esteem of those he conversed with.

CHAP. II.

Our Hero's reception by Mr. Sedgely. A duel, with suitable reflexions on duelling. Letter from Mr. Nairne. Mr. Searle received as clerk to Mr. Tamworth. Description of that gentleman's sister.

THE fatigue our travellers had gone through, determined them to devote that night to rest, and the next day to business: accordingly they reposed themselves as well as their respective thoughts would permit them; and to say truth, *Clare's* did not keep him long awake: for neither were his circumstances to be compared with those of his friend, nor was he of a turn to be so deeply affected with troubles when he met with them.

The sun peeped in upon them, and had been risen some time before they awaked: which however, as soon as they did, they followed his example, and, rising likewise, consulted on their affairs over their coffee.

At this consultation it was resolved, that *Mr. Clare* should take his friend with him to *Mr. Sedgely* the lawyer, mentioned in the last chapter, and ingenuously telling the whole story of his misfortunes,

solicit his interest for some sort of employment, on the profits of which he might subsist genteely, till affairs could be brought to some issue, and this they had little doubt of his being able to procure, as he had great interest, not only in the town but all over the country, being himself, the brother of a baronet, and enjoying besides his practice a public employment in the city.

Accordingly they set forward, and were both received by Mr. *Sedgely* with the greatest cordiality. He read the letter from his friend with great eagerness, and afterwards listened attentively to the history of young Mr. *Searle*, whom he regarded with pity. And proposed recommending as clerk to some merchant, till something better should offer.

Charles expressed his willingness to follow this advice, if an employer could be found; and Mr. *Sedgely* undertook to make that his care. As to *Clare*, him he received into his own house, making his friend the same offer, which was too advantageous to be rejected, and the more so, as it gave them an opportunity of enjoying each other's company.

Calling the next day at the inn, *Charles* was not a little surprized to find a letter
left

left for him, superscribed in a hand he did not know. He broke it open in haste, and found it to the following effect.

“S I R,

“If you really are the gentleman you appear to be, I doubt not but you will be ready to give a proper satisfaction for the ill treatment I have received at your hands. My private affairs called me to *W——r*;—I have not without some trouble found out how to apply to you, and have taken this opportunity to give you notice that since last I saw you, I have exchanged my sword.—Farther, to refresh your memory, should it be deficient, I beg leave to inform you I am the person you treated so contemptuously in the stage, and have the honour to bear a commission in the army, and to be, till I meet you at my lodgings at Mr. *K—’s*, in ——*street*,

“S I R,

“Your’s, &c.

“T. H. AYRES.

Charles was much perplexed how to act in this affair. He had ever thought duelling

duelling a scandalous practice, and one of the relicks of *Gothic* barbarism; yet to pass a thing of this nature unnoticed, might subject him to many insults in a strange place. He resolved therefore on a middle way, and having dressed himself, went to Mr. *Ayres's* lodgings with a view to expostulate with him.

As the challenge had been left only that morning, he found the young officer in waiting, who received him with a constrained and ceremonious civility. He made several remonstrances to this gentleman concerning the absurdity of first giving an offence, and then resenting an answer adapted to it; but all in vain, the other insisted that he should either fight him, or ask his pardon, and, at last, not finding it otherwise easy to work him into a passion, added some opprobrious names, and swore he would post him for a coward, and cane him in all companies, unless he would give him the satisfaction required.

This had such an effect, that *Charles* hesitated no longer to accept the challenge, and they walked into a meadow at some little distance to decide it with single rapier, the weapon which

was

The W A N D E R E R. III

was pitched upon by the person challenged.

Here they drew, and, after a few passes, *Charles* received a wound in the breast, which bled much; yet he desisted not from the combat, but pressed forward with redoubled ardour,—and had, at last, the good fortune to wound his adversary in the right arm; his sword dropped useless from his hand, and his life remained at the mercy of the victor, who gave him what his haughty spirit disdained to ask.

Having received his weapon again from his generous enemy, he retired precipitately without so much as uttering a word, while *Charles*, whose wound was indeed much deeper than his Antagonist's, continued leaning on his sword, and bleeding profusely.—Whilst he was attempting to stop this effusion, and binding a handkerchief round his breast, Mr. *Sedgely* came by on horseback, being just set out for his airing, which he took constantly every morning: seeing a man thus employed, it excited his curiosity; but what was his surprize, when alighting he found it to be the same person whom he had entertained in his house. However, as things were then circumstanced,
it

it was no time for questions ; he took him up behind him, and made all speed home, where a surgeon being sent for, declared the hurt to be dangerous.

Notwithstanding all possible care was taken of Mr. *Searle*, a violent fever attended the suppuration of the wound, and it was such a one as was not without some danger to his life. Here he experienced the friendship of his new acquaintance *Clare*, who expressed a deep and unfeigned concern for him, nor enjoyed a minute's happiness till he was assured of his being entirely out of danger.

As for Mr. *Ayres*, he decamped, little caring what bad consequences might attend this affair, provided himself was secure from them. And to say truth, he conceived a violent hatred to *Charles* ; for he never could endure a superior in any thing, and least of all in arms, his choice, his profession, and delight.

This *modern hero*, or rather savage, was the younger son of a good family that was come to decay. His parents had estate enough to leave his brother, (who was so lucky to come into the world before him,) above dependance, and to purchase *him* a commission in the army.—After many extravagances and debaucheries,

eries, he told his friends, that he was resolved to settle, as he called it, in the world, and for that purpose, being endued with a very good opinion of himself, he had paid his addressee to a young lady of great fortune and merit, whom he had ruined; the extraordinary method of which, and manner of his conduct till the duel above-mentioned, will be recited at large in its proper place.

Mr. *Sedgely* and *Clare* could not help blaming young Mr. *Searle* much for engaging in an affair of such a nature at so critical a conjuncture.—It was easy for them to give many reasons why *he* ought not, and why *they* would not have done so; yet had either of them, especially the latter, been thus urged, it is likely he might have done the same:—so much easier it is to *preach* than to *practise*, to *give* rules than to *follow* them. Here, by the way, we cannot help reflecting on the absurdity of the pernicious practice of duelling, which (but that the passions of men are of no religion,) we might well wonder to find established in Christian countries. Of all men, the gentlemen of the sword are most to be pitied on this account.—It is worth remarking, that this custom is in the Articles of War expressly forbidden,

forbidden, and all scandal taken off from the man who shall refuse a challenge: yet he who, in obedience to the laws of Heaven and his country, acts in so commendable a manner, is excluded from all companies, and every officer scorns to rank with him.—What law cannot do, interest and united force will, and he loses his commission for doing his duty. We are sensible this is not a new observation*; but it is a truth which cannot be too often repeated, in an age wherein if two people should attempt to make up a quarrel, the company will interfere, protesting they will keep company with neither, if they are mean enough to terminate the quarrel without bloodshed.—Yet there are other methods which were originally intended to conclude these matters amicably; such as referring the affair to judgment, making concessions, &c.—And some few veteran officers of approved courage, shew that they are sensible of their propriety; nor are they so apt to draw their swords, being long used to wear them. But the younger sort, who make up the greater body, fall into the custom of duelling, as it should seem,

with

* See Mr. Richardson's excellent novels of *Clarissa*, and *Sir Charles Grandison*.

with a view to prove their courage, and to keep up their dignity.

Certain it is, that the most dauntless courage is indispensibly necessary for the gentlemen of the military; but then it is as certain, that such a courage may be shewn more worthily than in private brawls, and cutting the throats of their countrymen. Contempt is assuredly the most proper return for ungentlemanlike behaviour, and such contempt universally expressed would not fail at once to *punish* and *reform* the offender. For real injuries, we have laws civil and military, and they are such as do not, like this pernicious custom, put the injured on the same footing with the aggressor, and his life on a par with a rascal's. Nor can any thing be more absurd, than to hear a reasonable being and a Christian telling a man he is *ready to give him satisfaction for his offence with his sword; i. e.* "ready to repair one injury, by offering another."—Ridiculous absurdity! scandalous injustice!—After all; the laws were made to redress our wrongs, and the only excuse that can, with the least shadow of reason, be offered for taking the vengeance into our own hands, is the insupportable aggravation of a vile insult, which

which raises the passion of anger to such a height, as reason is too weak to restrain. But this can only be said of *rencounters*, and, in *duelling* is utterly out of the question, for which cause the legislature has wisely distinguished between them, in the treatment of offenders.

But as we are not going to write a dissertation on this subject, we will now drop it, and resume the thread of our history. When *Charles* had recovered from his illness, he wrote once more, by the advice of his two friends, to his father. The return he received was a letter addressed to his uncle, in which the receipt of his was acknowledged with the utmost indifference, and a desire expressed, “That he would not give himself or his friends the needless trouble of any more such epistles, as his character was too well known at *S—— Place*, where he must not expect his hypocrisy to pass current.”—This was communicated by his good-natured uncle, in a cover, containing the following short admonition :

“ COUSIN,

“ I HAVE sent you inclosed all the answer you are to expect from your father.
 “ —You will do well to trouble him no farther.

“farther. Daily fresh instances of your
“abandoned morals appear, such as once
“would have shocked your friends; but
“now they look on you and all your
“deeds with indifference. There is but
“one piece of advice your father or I
“shall give you, and that is, not to trou-
“ble any more with your whining remon-
“strances either him, or

“R. NAIRNE.”

The above cut off all hopes from that quarter, and all that now remained was for *Charles* to try whether he could not subsist in the world without the help of such relations. To this end, he reminded *Mr. Sedgely* of his promise, not caring any longer to receive obligations, which he knew not whether it would ever be in his power to return.

That gentleman had not forgot his professions, and strongly recommended him to a wholesale dealer, who had warehouses in *London* and *W——r*, but chose to reside in the country, while his partner managed their business in town.

To this merchant the young gentleman was introduced as a clerk, and lived there for some time in great harmony.

Mr.

Mr. *Tamworth*, his employer, besides his wife, had a sister who lived in the house, and whose husband, a captain of a merchantman, was at that time abroad on a voyage to the *West-Indies*: He was doatingly fond of her, and when at home was the very slave of her pleasures; but she regarded him rather with indifference, than otherwise.—It had been a match of interest rather than inclination, on her part, and she was one of those over whom gratitude has not the power of creating esteem. Had he never returned, her concern for his life would not have given her the least uneasiness, so he had remained uninjured in what to her was most valuable, his fortune.

Mrs. *Tamworth* was of a much sweeter and more generous disposition; she loved her husband, she esteemed him, and, if the least symptom of sickness ever appeared, she watched over him with the most tender concern: Yet had she not all the happiness she might have expected in the connubial state from a match of inclination, as hers had been; for though her husband loved her *ardently*, yet he did not love her *prudently*, and being by nature of a jealous disposition, the poor lady experienced many a bitter moment, while

many

many in the world ignorantly envied the uninterrupted felicity she appeared to enjoy.

With both these secrets Mr. *Searle* was entirely unacquainted, for no one had less curiosity of enquiring into family concerns than himself. He was beloved by the whole family, and resolved to make his present lot as agreeable as possible by content, till fortune should throw somewhat better in his way.

He had not, however, forgot his dear *Harriet*, and had used all the methods he could devise to come at the knowledge of her place of residence, and the nature of her confinement; but in vain; he therefore concluded she was sent for back to town, now he was known to be settled in the country.

In the mean time, having sent to enquire concerning Miss *Merton*, he heard she was brought to-bed; but the child was still-born. At the same time he received a letter from her, which occasioned him much trouble in the sequel.

The situation of this unfortunate young lady gave him great uneasiness: All her prospects were ruined, and she was now once more left helpless in the world to shift for herself, having no other dependance
but

but on the man who was himself the very sport of fortune.

However, as Mr. *Sedgely* had suffered him to be at no expence while at his house, and as he was provided for genteely for the present, he sent her the fifty pound bank note he had received from his uncle, which was indeed the more acceptable, as it shewed she was not forgotten. Her love to him was not abated by her misfortune, and far from reproaching him with their mutual error, she still entertained the most tender sentiments for him in her heart.

C H A P. III.

Adventure with Mrs. Marley, and its consequences. Journey to, and description of the company at S——. Clare's friendship. Mr. Scarle leaves his employer.

WHILE Charles was felicitating himself on the daily marks of respect he received from Mr. Tamworth and his family, on the esteem of Mr. Sedgely and the friendship of young Clare, his malicious fortune was contriving a method to deprive him at one stroke of all these pleasures.

Mrs. Marley, sister to his employer, whose character we have already given a sketch of, happened, unluckily for our Hero, to fix those affections on him which ought to have been only her husband's: this she had taken many opportunities to drop hints of, whenever they were unobserved by the rest of the family.—But owing to a mind fixed on other things, she never made any return, nor took the least notice of them. This much chagrined her; but hurried on by an impetuous passion, she was resolved to come to a more full explanation. And to that purpose one day, when her brother and

VOL. I. G sister

sister were gone abroad, she sent him a note, importing that she should be glad to speak with him in the summer-house at the bottom of the garden, which was so situated that the approach of any one might be discerned at a great distance from within; but no one could give the least guess at who was seated or what was passing there, from without.

Charles admired what she could want with him, and guessed at many causes, but without the least suspicion of the right. On his arrival, he found her reclined on a green bench in a pensive posture. At his approach she rose in some apparent confusion to receive him. After some discourse on indifferent topics, she at last led him with great art into the subject she was so eager to discuss, and plainly owned her passion for him.

The youth was confounded, and knew not what to say: he had suffered but too much in mind and body from a gratification of an irregular desire far less criminal. He resolved therefore to reject the temptation (for indeed she was a fine woman and in the bloom of youth) and endeavoured all in his power to dissuade her, by the most effectual yet gentle arguments, from indulging such thoughts.

He

He attempted to sooth her with professing his esteem for her, nay, his admiration of her person, and went so far as to say, that were she single, he should think himself happy in the enjoyment of such accomplishments.

But on a woman blinded with passion, arguments are lost. The ready tears forced themselves into her eyes, and she attempted by exciting his pity to work on a kindred passion. A thousand little arts she tried; but when she found all those arts were vain, she summoned to her aid all the indignation of slighted beauty, and smiling on him with supreme contempt: "Go (said she) boast your conquest, boast my weakness and your own superior constancy; go—but do not think to triumph with impunity."

Had *Charles* been thoroughly acquainted with what is called *the world*, he would immediately have apprehended every thing from the fury of slighted love, and stood on his guard; but he had not yet acquired that dear-bought knowledge, the fruit of experience. He stood a moment in silent admiration of her behaviour, then looking on her threat as a sudden gust of passion, and deeming it her interest to forget the whole affair, he composed him-

self, and retired with a mind tolerably at ease.—Little did he think what crimes the malice of revenge is capable of; and little did he dream of what was then plotting against his peace.

He went on as usual in the family, and perceived nothing in the behaviour of Mrs. *Marley*, but an indifference which he thought he could well account for. But it was not long before her smothered vengeance burst out into a flame, and bore down all before it.

Mr. *Sedgely* had invited *Charles* to take a jaunt with him on a party of pleasure to S——, as it was then summer-time, and the height of the season.—Mr. *Clare* accompanied them; they made an agreeable society, and took every diversion the place afforded. Much gallantry went forward there and some persons of the greatest rank honoured them with their presence.

But the life of the whole was a certain *Irish* earl, whose extravagant vivacity, though it was far from suiting always with his high quality, yet it never failed of ingratiating him with the inhabitants of that place, and especially with the ladies, who contended which should heap most favours on this gallant nobleman.—And so great a favourite was he, that
from

from him nothing could be taken as an affront. At some times he would quit a celebrated beauty, and pay all his assiduities to some antiquated prude:—at others, he would suddenly leave the ball-room, promising an immediate return, and on the contrary immediately order post-horses to *W——r*, leaving the company to wait his coming back.—He would break his engagement to supper with a nobleman, in order to esquire his house-maid, and rise from cards with a lord, to play at *pitch and bussle*, or *hit-or-miss* * with a sharper.—There were but few females who pretended to resist him; a particular young lady opposed his passion; but indeed was soon brought to reason by her prudent mother, who kept her on bread and water in a dark room, perhaps concluding, her daughter must be *mad* indeed, if she rejected a nobleman's favours: yet it is said, the young lady soon after made amends, gave *proofs* that she had altered her mind, and, like *yielding wax*, received the intended *impression*.

G 3

A distant

* By hit-or-miss we suppose is meant, the noble diversion of throwing dirt and horse-dung, as play'd at a certain celebrated town by a certain celebrated person.

A distant relation of hers, whom we shall call Miss Z——, soon after engaged his attention, to the no small mortification of many a belle.—Thrice did this noble earl give a general invitation to a ball, and as often did he forget to come; while after long waiting in vain, they were obliged to break up every time without exercising their heels; but their tongues had by no means such a sabbath of rest;—it is easy to guess it was no *silent* meeting, where so many females were assembled and disappointed.

On the fourth evening the earl appeared: He bowed, he apologized;—What could he more? All the anger of his fair judges was turned into admiration of the *charming man*, whom each wished, like Miss Z——, to please; and, like her, to engage from the rest.—To say the truth, though all-powerful Love had not, through all his dominions, a more ardent or faithful, at the same time he had not a more inconstant votary than this nobleman.

From the first moment he had seen *Clare*, he took a liking to him, and causing him to be introduced to his presence, found an opportunity of letting him know his company would be agreeable. Accordingly, the earl and he were hardly ever
 asunder,

asunder, till wanting to engage him as an assistant in his private pleasures, he declined the offer; a coolness first, an entire indifference afterwards, ensued, and another undertaking the office, has ever since enjoyed the nobleman's favour.

When the season was pretty well over, and the gentry, tired of shewing themselves in S——, returned to be stared at in London, Mr. Sedgely and his two friends set out again for W——r, weary of long-rooms, intrigues and scandal.

Mr. Searle, on his return, was surprized to find himself received with great coldness by his employer: — He asked whether his presence had been wanted for any thing in his absence.—He was coldly answered, “No; — he might have stayed longer if he pleased”—So he concluded something had put him out of humour, or else that he was not well in health; therefore without coming to any further explanation, he went into the compting-house, and proceeded in his business.

Next day he was told he must take the whole charge of the house upon him, for that the master of it was going to town on particular business. When he had been gone a few hours, he received a note from

Mrs. *Marley*, to meet her again in the summer-house, where, she intimated, he should be a witness of her sincere repentance, as he had before been on the same spot of a criminal passion, that, she now said, she had happily conquered; hinting, moreover, that she had something of consequence to communicate to him.— He innocently repaired to the place appointed, where this wicked woman met him with great seeming composure, and after much conversation on the subject of her passion and the conquest of it, she proceeded at last to hint that something of the same kind was harboured in the breast of her sister. Nothing could equal the vexation of *Charles* to find he was to be the object of a passion which was likely to involve him in so much perplexity.— He expressed the highest detestation of giving the least encouragement to such a criminal desire. — Mrs. *Marley* seemed heartily to approve his principles, at the same time she said she would convince him of the baseness of her sister's, desiring him only to follow her directions, and wishing him to admonish Mrs. *Tamworth*, on whom, she said, she had great hopes his remonstrances might have as good an effect as before they had on herself.

She

She then quitted him, desiring he would be entirely silent on the subject, and she would send to him in an hour or two.—Accordingly, some time after, a servant came to let him know Mrs. *Marley* would be glad to speak with him in the parlour.—As soon as she saw him, — “ Oh ! Mr. *Searle*, (said she) my sister waits for you impatiently in her own room.” — “ In her own room ! (returned he,) ’tis better I should not see her, especially there, lest it should look like a compliance.” — Mrs. *Marley* used all her rhetoric to dissuade him from the resolution which he was about to make, and which, had he done, would infallibly have defeated her scheme.—She wrought, by turns, on his vanity and his pity, exciting the one for Mrs. *Tamworth*’s unfortunate passion, and the other in the glory he must acquire, if he could quench so destructive a flame. — She over-persuaded him, and he accompanied her to the room, where she had been preparing her sister by a tale of like nature concerning him ; and having desired him to lock the door, to prevent, as she said, the impertinence of servants, she claimed attention from *Charles*, and from the lady, and spoke to the following effect, in terms

equally ambiguous and deceitful, and which might bear several different applications.

“ There is not so destructive a thing as
 “ nourishing irregular desires, and a gratification of them can never be more
 “ criminal than in the case before us,
 “ where honour and a strict vow on the
 “ one side, and where friendship and gratitude on the other are so binding.—
 “ Could all the arguments my weak head
 “ was able to dictate, have had any effect,
 “ I had not now, by desire, brought you
 “ together; yet hear me what I say,
 “ (raising her voice) I vow and protest
 “ no wicked intention urged me to it,
 “ whatever the fond imaginations of wanton fancy may suggest. Hitherto I
 “ have kept the secret; but I protest if I
 “ find an obstinate persisting in wickedness, I will reveal it to my brother.—
 “ What think you then, Sir, (to *Charles*)
 “ would be the consequence to the offender?” “ Absolute ruin, (returned he.)
 “ For heaven’s sake, Madam, I conjure
 “ you”—Here she made a private signal, fearing if he proceeded, his speech might ruin her scheme.—A voice immediately answered — “ No, villain! thou art not
 “ concealed — Base, ungrateful wretch!”
 and

and immediately the closet door flew open, and Mr. *Tamworth*, who had been purposely hidden there by Mrs. *Marley*, appeared with a countenance inflamed with rage: "Wretch! (continued he) was it not enough to attempt my sister, but my wife too must be seduced? — This instant quit my presence, lest I punish thee with my own hand.—And you, Madam, let me see your face no more; go, try how happily you can live with the adulterer; but think not I will be unrevenged.—Go; I abandon you to shame, want, and misery; and as to your lover, be assured I am preparing for him a dreadful revenge." And so saying, he departed.

It is difficult to say which was most amazed, *Charles* or the unhappy lady.—They gazed awhile at each other in mute astonishment.—But the enraged husband's speech soon explained the mystery to the former, and he saw to whom he was obliged for this misfortune.—It was, indeed, a master-piece of Mrs. *Marley's* who had first introduced the husband into the closet, and then, by the methods above recited, brought his unhappy wife, and Mr. *Searle* involuntarily together. Her ambiguous speech, and *Charles's* answer,

confirmed his suspicions, which had been first rooted by his sister's malice, and the accidental concurrence of a singular event, which was sufficient indeed to give birth to suspicion in the breast of a less jealous person than Mr. *Tamworth*.

Mr. *Searle*, by chance, had dropped out of his pocket Miss *Merton's* last letter to him, whose hand was unluckily very much like that of the wife of his employer: and her wicked sister picking it up, made it subservient to her wicked purposes. To this end, she tore off all that was not to her purpose, preserving a fragment, containing the following ambiguous words:

“ If ever a passion was unfortunate,
 “ surely ours has been so—yet a meeting
 “ is not impracticable.—As to my ruin
 “ I see that is inevitable.—I fall a victim
 “ to a passion I know I ought to have
 “ suppressed.—I have been told of friend-
 “ ship and gratitude: what are they, or
 “ what are all other ties, to those of love?
 “ —In spite of all that can be said, my
 “ love is still unabated towards you; and
 “ the very considerations which ought to
 “ suppress, add fuel to the flame.—As
 “ for the other, I have no heart for such
 “ a husband.—Adieu! Think of me as of
 “ one

“one whose chief unhappiness is owing to
“you. — Whatever interpretation rigid
“virtue may put on my conduct, I shall
“ever be devoted to you while I live.—
“Reflect on what has passed between us ;
“then think how unhappy am I, that,
“instead of your name, I am forced to be
“called by that of “ T——.”

A double meaning might, unluckily for *Charles*, be put on almost every sentence contained in this fragment ; but the reader will easily conceive that the husband *Charlotte* meant was *Mr. Arlington*, for whom she had indeed no heart ; for her heart was engaged already. As to the concluding sentence, she lamented that instead of bearing the name of the man she loved, she was forced to go by the feigned one of *Tracely* ; but, according to her custom in her correspondence with *Charles*, she had signed only the initial letter, which happened to be the same with *Mrs. Tamworth's*. — The meaning of the rest is plain, from the former chapters, with the least attention.

This circumstance concurring with the affair above recited, had the blackest appearance against *Mr. Searle*, who, the instant his employer left the room, was about to vent his rage on his sister ; but she

she prudently followed her brother's example, and went out, with an air of triumph. Meanwhile the unhappy wife was removed, rather dead than alive, to another chamber, and the suspected adulterer set out in great haste to see for his good friends *Clare* and *Sedgely*, and make them acquainted with his misfortune.

On his arrival at the house, he was informed they were both gone out; and the servants could not tell whither. On which he retired, in great vexation of mind, to the inn, where he had first put up, and soon after received his baggage from *Mr. Tamworth's*.

He passed the night in great anxiety and uneasiness, and in the morning repaired again to *Mr. Sedgely's*, but his reception there was a cool one; for *Mr. Tamworth* had been before him.—However, on his repeated solicitations, his employer was sent for, and *Mr. Sedgely* heard both sides of the question; when, to *Charles's* inexpressible surprize, the fragment we have just now given an account of, was produced against him.—In vain did he protest it was *Miss Merton's*, and attempt to prove it. The hand was so like *Mrs. Tamworth's*, and the circumstances were so applicable, that the jealous husband,

husband, after the plain demonstration he thought he had received, persisted obstinately in his suspicions: neither did Mr. *Sedgely* know what to think of it. He had really a good opinion of the youth; but circumstances were so strong against him, and the story of Mrs. *Marley*'s unchastity and baseness appeared to him so improbable, as she bore a spotless character in the world, that he could not blame the suspecting party. However, after much argument and more intreaty, he obtained thus much of Mr. *Tamworth*: that as, according to his own suspicions, the crime was only *intended*, he would cease to prosecute the affair any further, on *Charles*'s withdrawing with all speed from *W——r*, and Mrs. *Tamworth*'s separating from him, and living a retired life with a relation both of her own and Mr. *Sedgely*'s, who resided near *F——*.

Had young *Clare* been there, as he afterwards declared, he would never have suffered the deluded merchant to quit the house, till something more had been obtained for his friend, of whose innocence he could not entertain an unworthy suspicion. But he arrived not till all was over; and he found Mr. *Sedgely* in deep conversation with *Charles* on the subject.

—Transported

—Transported with an honest zeal, he was that instant for following and arguing with the accuser; but his friend chose rather to leave the city, as had been agreed on, than enter into any farther altercation on a subject so disagreeable.—Mrs. *Tamworth* he pitied from his soul, and was even displeased with himself, for having been the innocent cause of so much mischief to her, while he looked on her vile sister as the Devil's own agent to accuse the good.

Returning to the inn, he prepared every thing for a journey back again to town. the next day, his two friends promising to come and spend that evening with him there, which he rather chose, than to call any more at Mr. *Sedgely's*; and accordingly having ordered every thing for their reception, he waited in silent composure for their arrival.

C H A P. IV.

A journey to London. Description of Mr. Belville. Our Adventurer employed by Mr. Gouldney. Becomes acquainted with Newman.

AT the time appointed, the expected persons came; and Mr. *Sedgely* had been so wrought on by the remonstrances of *Clare*, that he began in his heart to believe *Charles* perfectly innocent; and of this he threw out some hints; yet at the same time delivered it as his opinion, that it would be utterly impossible to convince Mr. *Tamworth* that he was so; therefore he advised his friend by all means to keep to his resolution of leaving *W——r*, and to shew him he still stood fair in his opinion, recommended him to an eminent merchant in *London*.

Clare went yet farther in his proofs of friendship, and presented him in secret with a purse of forty guineas, which he compelled him to accept; and when they retired, never did two brothers part more tenderly—They all sat up till the hour of the stage setting forward, which was three in the morning, nor did the two gentlemen leave our Adventurer, till they had
seen

seen him safe in the coach, which stopped not till he came to *H—*, a pleasant clean village, situate on a declivity, in a wholesome air, and beautiful country.—Here the sun rising, opened a delightful prospect, and roused our traveller from a kind of resverie which had supplied the place of sleep during his journey.—Here he breakfasted along with one of the name of *Belville*, who was introduced as a passenger in the same machine.

This gentleman was tall, comely, well-shaped, and of a noble aspect. He possessed great accomplishments both of mind and body, and was really a very sensible and agreeable companion. But he was deeply infected with the vices of the age, and was a very complete debauchée.—He was born in *Hampshire*; his uncle was just dead, he had been down to take possession of his estate which he was heir to, and was now returning to town, in the warmth of youth and bloom of life, to spend it in all the luxury of pleasure.

His free humour did not long suffer him to remain a stranger to any one; and in spite of the gloom that hung on *Charles's* brow, he introduced at once himself and *mirth*, two unexpected guests,
into

into his company. Perhaps it had been better for that youth, had they both continued strangers to each other. But of so insinuating a turn was Mr. *Belville*, that he presently stood high in the good graces of one, whom afterwards he drew many steps towards his ruin, out of mere kindness, and in return for his favourable opinion.

Pleased with each other, they entered into various conversation at the inn, which they resumed when they entered the coach, and continued uninterrupted as far as *B*——, where they took in an old gentleman, his young wife, and two children, which made up the complement of passengers.

This good couple were so much bent on crossing each other, that for the one to approve a thing was reason sufficient for the other to condemn it; and this humour, which was carried on even with drollery, on the part of the wife, afforded high entertainment to *Belville*, who charitably took her side of the question, for which, however, he did not fail to meet with some smart returns from the old gentleman, who, to say truth, was no fool; the silliest action he had committed was that of marrying a pert young woman for her

her beauty, who hated him for his age, at the same time that she had conceived a violent passion for his fortune.

Such diversion employed the gay traveller on the road, and cruel as it was, the humane *Charles* was engaged in it: he began already to have too high a relish for the corrupt manners of his new acquaintance, who, on his arrival in town, gave him a very genteel and pressing invitation to his house, which he did not think proper to reject.

A dazzling kind of splendor reigned in that mansion, the glare of which captivated the youthful heart of our Hero. The furniture was superb, the table sumptuous, the guests of high rank, and every disposition magnificent. Music, dancing, feasting, and revelling, eternally succeeded each other. Nothing was seen but mirth, nothing heard but rejoicing. Besides all this, *Belville* frequented every place of public resort and diversion, and often those of riot and confusion, in all which *Charles* was his inseparable companion.

But when he had passed some weeks in this round of pleasure, he began to reflect with regret that, enchanting as it was, he must leave it; and change mirth and dissipation for business and sobriety. A thousand

and times did he wish for such a fortune as his friend's, only that he might employ it as unworthily ; and a thousand times did he curse his ill stars that had deprived him of the means of supporting what yet he could not think of leaving.

Necessity here stood in the stead of virtue, and after much struggling with himself, he at last obtained a painful victory, and took his leave of *Belville*, who, though he had been so pressing in his invitation at first, did not now offer to detain him ; for his head was full of his own affairs ; and he was obliged to go down into the country to settle some disputes about a fortune which was left him by the will of a distant relation, but contested by some nearer of kin, and which he lost in the sequel.

The first thing our Hero now thought on, was to deliver the letter he had received from Mr. *Sedgely*, which he did with many apologies and studied excuses for having kept it so long.

The merchant to whom it was addressed, told him he could not then entertain him in the quality mentioned in the letter, but he recommended him to one Mr. *Gouldney*, an eminent banker in the city, to whom, on his friend's request, he gave the usual
bond

bond of security ; he was accordingly received, and applied himself in good earnest to business.

It happened that his employer had at that time a set of very sober clerks, of good heads and hearts, careful and diligent. *Charles* would indeed have been much ashamed to have it said he was the only dissolute or careless person among them. This made him redouble his diligence, and he found the good effects of it, for though when he came in, he was youngest of eight clerks, he found himself, in less than a twelvemonth, next to the chief one, possessed of Mr. *Gouldney's* favour, an excellent character, and a good salary, augmented by presents from that gentleman, who had taken a great liking to him. His friends in the country were highly pleased with his success, particularly the benevolent *Clare*, who from thence drew prognostics of his future fortune.

During this time he had made enquiries again after Miss *Arran*, but to little purpose.—All he could learn was that she was still somewhere in the country ; and as for poor *Charlotte*, he heard she was gone abroad.—In the mean time he increased his acquaintance in town, who were numerous and creditable.

Not far from the place where he lived, was a certain coffee-house, where he took great delight in spending his leisure hours. A society of gentlemen, distinguished by real learning, good sense, and affability, met there every evening.—Contrary to the formal custom of clubs, no pompous name distinguished, no written rules held them together. Their virtue was their only distinction, their good sense and good humour their only bond and cement. Subjects of learning, morality, philosophy, and elegant amusement employed them; nor were the historic or dramatic muses excluded.—Often would they turn the instructive pages of antient learning, often recur to the more amusing ones of modern entertainment. Their manners were refined and easy, their conversation elegant and polite.—A freedom of opinion and of speech was the ground-work of their institution, and as good manners prevented interruption in a society, where good sense guarded against prolixity; so difference of sentiments occasioned no animosity, of practice, no dislike, where candour ruled the head, and benevolence swayed in the heart.

Dr. *Fenton* was the delight and ornament of this society, formed by nature
for

for every good and generous end, he was at once the friend, the teacher, the satirist, and the good companion.—He was then between forty and fifty, of a plain but pleasant aspect; he joined to all the prudence of age all the fire of youth.—His manner was plain and simple, yet pleasant and engaging; his style natural, his action just and forcible. Virtue he praised with energy, vice he inveighed against with a noble force, and folly he rallied with all the poignancy of the keenest satire.

If *Charles* was happy in the conversation of so prudent and worthy a person, he was not less so in that of a youth of so promising a genius, and so good a judgment as appeared in our *Hero*, who felicitated himself on having fallen into so worthy a society, while the good Dr. *Fenton* put him perpetually in mind of the absent *Welden*; for they were much alike, only that the former had more vivacity, and was a greater satirist than the latter.

He introduced his young friend into company of many reputable persons, among whom was Sir *James Constance*, a baronet, of great sense, and many fine accomplishments, who had a sister that regarded

garded *Charles* with a favourable eye; but understanding he was under some prior engagements, her nice honour obliged her to suppress a passion which she thought it not consistent with delicacy to reveal. Yet the most scrupulous strictness forbad not her esteem, which, instead of love, by a strong effort of reason and noble generosity, she improved into a disinterested friendship. How rare soever examples of this kind are, it is a gross error to say there never were any. Far be it from us, (whose boast is to trace nature) to draw characters that never existed; to give pictures of infernal fiends for human creatures, on the one hand, and on the other, in contrast exhibit "the faultless monster that the world ne'er saw." Yet in an age where instances of goodness and self-denial are not over frequent, it would ill become us to suppress the examples of it, or draw a veil over the brightness of virtue, because the weak eyes of sordid self-love cannot endure its splendor.

But here, reader, let not thy busy sagacity suggest so unworthy a motive as *pride* for the behaviour of *Miss Constance*; she was far above so mean a motive: be-

sides that whatever might be said of Mr. Searle's present station in life, his birth, education, and accomplishments, were such as would entitle him to the best alliance.—And indeed it might rather be reckoned among his misfortunes than his felicities, that now, at the age of nineteen, he had inspired the passion of love in the bosoms of no less than four females.

The young lady we are now speaking of, was of an exalted mind, delicate sentiments, and refined virtue. For her person; she was rather agreeable than beautiful; tall, well-shaped, fair to excess; but rather inclined to be thin; her neck was long and graceful, her bosom just discovered her sex. Her deportment was calm and equal, and she was generally said to indulge rather too much a serious disposition. Such was Miss *Helena Constance*; for whom, though Charles entertained not the least spark of passion, nor imagined she did for him, yet he found great pleasure in her friendship and society.

While he was thus engaged, Mr. Gouldney's chief clerk, having, by a change in the m——y, procured himself a place under the government, he was immediately nominated

nominated to fill up the vacancy, which, when he entered upon, he found even more advantageous than he had expected; for his employer was one who loved to recompense liberally faithful services; and, considering that his head clerk, if he did his duty, had a great charge to fulfil, he added many perquisites to the office, which he who last filled it, being a person of great reserve, was not over-fond of haranguing upon the benefits of.

As this removal naturally ran through the whole list, it made a vacancy for a junior clerk; one was accordingly sought out for, and being introduced by the name of *Newman*, took his place accordingly.

He was a young man of small fortune; the effect of his father's industry, who was a tradesman in the city, and which, as soon as he had got possession of, by the death of the old gentleman, he set to work to spend it in debaucheries, and soon he effected that very *laudable* design. As to business he had never attended to that; but sold off all the stock he found in his shop the first opportunity; and now reduced to want, he had, by a necessitated application to some of his relations, got

recommended, as he had learned accòmpts, to Mr. *Gouldney*, and as his honesty was yet untainted he was received without much scruple; but, alas! it proved he had not profited by adversity: too deeply had he drank the poison of false pleasure; and he no sooner saw himself delivered from want, than he began again to bend his mind to luxury.—He was by nature soft and effeminate, by custom loose and profligate; yet he had a sprightliness agreeable enough in conversation, and had the art to please our Adventurer so well, and warm him so much by his narrations, that he began to wish himself an actor in scenes he heard described with pleasure.

Charles's short taste of what is miscalled *life* at *Belville's* was not quite forgotten:—he began to recal to his mind those images, which were then so agreeable to him, and had since been rather laid aside than utterly forsaken, rather suppressed than effaced.

Great struggles, however, he had with his love of character and his real regard for virtue: but all these obstacles vanished by degrees, before the love of pleasure in a youthful heart.—These formidable powers

powers removed, other considerations receded of course, and the weak citadel of reason at last surrendered at discretion. He began by little and little, and at first restricted himself to certain bounds in his pleasures; but these were more and more extended as his passions grew stronger; what was yesterday a fault, was to-day only a weakness, and to-morrow would become an innocent amusement.—Thus did he proceed against his better reason, till little else than tenderness of his character and a shew of morality remained, to hinder him from justifying publicly what he privately practised and approved.

The first consequences of such a conduct were distrust, suspicion, and a cold indifference towards his former friends, as fearing they would perceive his change, and perhaps take the liberty of reproving him for it. Nor was his love, long tired by absence, strong enough to repress the growing evil. It has often been said, that a true and virtuous passion will triumph over all the allurements of vicious pleasure in men; but it is not always true, especially if the object be removed from sight, and the temptation present, which here was the case; *Harriet* was removed,

he knew not whither, and he had long been accustomed to her absence: he now gave her up for lost to him, and began to be less solicitous about her, in proportion as he gave himself more up to a latitude of opinion; and as for *Charlotte*, he easily quieted all his scruples concerning her, by the imagination of her being retired to a foreign country; and as to his vow to her, he could, in his present humour, safely say, he had no inclination to break that by committing matrimony.

Such was the state of *Mr. Searle's* inclinations: as to his abilities though they were not such as were by any means comparable to those of other young gentlemen of his birth; yet they were much more increased than he could have expected in the space of two years; for he had been no longer with *Mr. Gouldney*. Indeed, as he had not before been engaged in any round of pleasures, and had taken only moderate and rational diversions, by such means, and his boarding in the house, he had saved the greatest part of his salary, which, with the perquisites of his office, and the presents perpetually made him, both by his employer and his friends *Sedgely* and *Clare*, all together amounted to

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to no inconsiderable sum; and this he resolved to lay out, in what, according to his new notions, he deemed pleasures, only with the reserve of keeping a good name, for fear of falling into disgrace at home, an apprehension which was unexpectedly removed by an incident that tended also to increase his fund.

C H A P. V.

Mr. Gouldney dies.—Charles's good fortune.—He sets up for a man of pleasure.—Adventure of Miss Alton.

ABOUT this time Mr. Gouldney fell sick, and finding himself draw towards his end, sent for a kinsman of his, to take his leave of him. Accordingly he arrived just time enough to close the eyes of his good uncle, who was surrounded by all the rest of his friends, a clergyman, his clerks and ancient domestics, of all whom he took an affectionate farewell, and in particular of *Charles*; and squeezing his hand, "Child, said he, your services have been faithful; you seem to have regarded me as a relation, and been indefatigable in my concerns: what amends is in my power, consistent with justice to my relations, I have made you.—God bless you with it.—Farewel; I am going to leave you.—Be but as prudent and virtuous as hitherto I have found you, and with the blessing of Heaven you will meet the success you deserve."—Then turning to his nephew, after a pathetic speech to him, he begged to be left alone a little while, and

and dropped into a doze, from which he waked not till midnight, and sending again for the clergyman, kept him for about an hour, and within another hour expired with great composure.

On opening his will, his kinsman was found nominated sole executor, and heir to every thing, except some legacies to distant relations, his clerks, and domestics, among which was one to Mr. *Searle*, of no less than 2000*l*. He was naturally compassionate, and had melted in tears by the bed-side of his dying benefactor; gratitude now renewed his grief, which it was a good while before he could conquer.

But there are many avenues in the heart of man open to pleasure, which, after sorrow, comes cheering to the soul, like sunshine after rain to the face of universal nature. This *Charles* experienced, and by degrees returned to his course with less interruption than ever. He quitted the employ of Mr. *Gouldney's* successor, but not the company of young *Newman*; he left the one for the same reason that he retained the other, namely, for a full swing of pleasure.

Having taken this step, he grew more bold and open in his pursuits, and scarce

a day passed without witnessing to some of his excesses, while those committed under the conscious veil of night were still more numerous.

In one of these rambles, having just separated from *Newman*, he perceived a very genteel dressed, handsome young person, standing all in tears, and wringing her hands, at the door of a gentleman's house. — Attracted by her appearance, he could not forbear walking up to her, and asking the cause of her grief, which she was long unwilling to reveal, and still more so to trust herself with him: to the latter, at last, she consented, and leaning on his arm, walked a few paces with him to a coach he had called, and by her directions ordered to drive to — — *street, Westminster*, whither she said she was going. — During this time he found a strange propensity to enquire into the cause of her griefs. To which, after many sollicitations, she thus answered:

“ To tell you my unhappy story, is,
 “ indeed, a task I could well wish to be
 “ excused, nor can I imagine how you
 “ can any ways be interested in the sor-
 “ rows of a wretched girl, who has lost,
 “ by her own indiscretion, friends, for-
 “ tune, and every comfort of life, one re-
 “ lation

“lation only excepted.—Yet as you are
“a person of humanity, and are besides
“ (as I perceive by your name, which I
“heard the gentleman pronounce at part-
“ing,) not wholly unknown to me——
“How! Madam,” said *Charles*, inter-
rupting her, “Do you know the family
“of *Searle*? Are you then acquainted with
“my cruel friends?”—“In my prospe-
“rity, Sir, (answered she, sighing) I knew
“them well; nor perhaps is the name
“of Sir *John Alton* entirely unknown to
“you—I am his unhappy daughter!”—
“Sir *John Alton*! said *Charles*, often have
“I heard of him, though I had not the
“honour of his personal acquaintance:
“Are you his daughter? I heard, indeed,
“she was a beautiful lady, and now I see
“how truly it was said of her. But I
“interrupt you; proceed, Madam, to ex-
“plain, by what extraordinary ill fortune
“so accomplished a person is involved in
“such distress.—Miss *Alton* was bred up
“with an aunt at *London*, nor was she
“ever in *Somersetshire*, during my abode
“at my father’s. Soon after my arrival
“at Mr. *Nairne*’s, she went down, and
“from that time I have heard nothing
“either of her or of Sir *John*.”

“ It is to that aunt, said the lady, I
 “ owe my ruin. While I was under her
 “ tuition, many neighbouring gentlemen
 “ would have paid their addresses to me;
 “ but were all, on various pretences, re-
 “ jected by her. At last, she admitted
 “ of one, who was a young officer, of a
 “ good family, but small fortune; lively,
 “ gay, and amorous; his name was *Har-*
 “ *man*; and, in return, he paid her the
 “ most profound compliments, and flat-
 “ tered her foible, which was an ambition
 “ of being admired at forty-five, so ef-
 “ fectually, that he often appeared even to
 “ pay his court more to her than myself.
 “ My aunt, who was naturally vain, return-
 “ ed his civilities with interest; and as a sort
 “ of liking she had to his person, was at
 “ first the chief motive of her admitting
 “ him to address me, that he might be
 “ often in her sight; so his assiduities to
 “ please her on my account, not only in-
 “ creased her liking to a passion, but at
 “ last made her weak enough to believe
 “ he entertained a mutual one for her.

“ Piqued at this mistake, which I per-
 “ ceived but too plainly, I communicated
 “ my sentiments to my lover, and was
 “ half-angry at him for having given oc-
 “ casion for it. I often teized him on

“ that

“that head; and one evening while I
“was more pressing than ordinary on
“him to put an end to these fooleries, he
“reproached me for what he called my
“jealous disposition, and laughing aloud;
“gave so droll a description of my aunt’s
“person and affectation, that I as heartily
“joined him in mirth at her expence.
“Just at that instant, I thought I heard
“somebody at the door of the parlour
“where we were, and opening it some-
“what suddenly, I could just perceive
“somebody in a silk gown, like my aunt;
“gliding by; more the uncertainty of the
“twilight prevented my discovering. I
“communicated my suspicions to my
“lover, he persuaded me it was but
“fancy, and, taking his leave, departed
“in high spirits.

“But the next day I was too fully as-
“sured I had conjectured right; when,
“at breakfast, I perceived my aunt’s
“countenance full of a rage which she
“strove to suppress, nor spoke a word to
“me till evening;—when she sent for me;
“and in an angry tone told me, she had
“wrote to my father to let him know my
“tricks, and she should take care to
“prevent my virtue from falling a prey
“to that abandoned young man! She
“then

“ then gave me to understand, she was no
 “ stranger to our private discourse, add-
 “ ing many hints, that she thought
 “ something very bad had passed between
 “ us, which she said a few months would
 “ discover; and concluded with forbid-
 “ ding me to see him any more.—Stung
 “ with her unworthy reproaches, I made
 “ only such answers as served to increase
 “ her rage; nor spared to tell her, it was
 “ all the fury of disappointed love, which
 “ was indeed the case: but all I got by
 “ these remonstrances, was to be confined
 “ to my chamber, forbid to converse with
 “ any one, and denied pen, ink, and
 “ paper.

“ Notwithstanding all this precaution,
 “ young Mr. *Harman* found means to
 “ write me a letter, in which he told me
 “ he had heard of my condition, and was
 “ determined at once to rescue and marry
 “ me, if I would trust myself with him,
 “ and go off to *Scotland* for that purpose:
 “ he conjured me to do this, in the most
 “ tender and forcible manner, and re-
 “ minded me what I must otherwise ex-
 “ pect from the fury of an enraged re-
 “ lation.

“ In this letter he inclosed paper and a
 “ pencil, well knowing I was denied all
 “ imple-

“implements of writing. He had corrupted my aunt’s old nurse, who attended me, and brought my victuals, and to her hands I committed an answer, in which, though I lamented my hard fate, and assured him of my affection, I declined his offer. On this, he grew the more ardent; letter after letter did he send me, and at last assuring me that there was a rich old miser designed me for a husband, this last argument, together with a letter of rebukes from my father, which my good-natured aunt put into my hands, and which contained some hints that way, determined me to acquiesce in his proposals, and one night, when my aunt and the family were all asleep, by the help of a ladder of ropes I descended from my chamber-window, and fled panting to the arms of my lover.

“Deluded as I was, how did I rejoice that moment in my own ill-fortune, how did I enjoy a step, which of itself was sufficient to justify any thing that had been, or might in future be said of me, by my enraged relation.

“As

“ As for *Harman*, he rejoiced that his
 “ scheme had taken so well, and putting
 “ me into a coach, bade the man on the
 “ box drive to Mrs. *D——r*’s, a relation
 “ of his, as he said, in *J——’s-street*, where
 “ accordingly we alighted, and I was re-
 “ ceived, late as it was, by the good gen-
 “ tlewoman and her daughter, with marks
 “ of joy ; we sat for about an hour in
 “ conversation, when he respectfully took
 “ his leave, and left me to my repose, in
 “ a room which I thought appeared to be
 “ rather glaringly than handsomely fur-
 “ nished, and whither I was conducted by
 “ Miss *D——r*, as she was called.

“ This young woman, as I afterwards
 “ found, was no other than a favourite
 “ decoy of Mrs. *D——r*’s, who in rea-
 “ lity kept private lodgings for ladies,
 “ known but to a few gentlemen of gal-
 “ lantry, while to the rest of the world,
 “ she kept up the character of the widow
 “ of an unfortunate gentleman, who fell
 “ in 1746 in *Scotland*, and forfeited his
 “ estate to the crown, and whose son
 “ (since received by the court) was a young
 “ officer abroad, on whose remittances
 “ she subsisted.

“ However, I was long in the dark, as
 “ to all this ; but I thought he seemed
 “ unwilling

“unwilling to set off for *Scotland*. He
“made various excuses for his backward-
“ness, till one evening, having staid late,
“and being alone with me, he began to
“press me ardently, and take some liber-
“ties rather indecent; on which I broke
“from him, rebuked him severely, then
“bursting into tears, told him, I perceived
“he had a vile design on my honour,
“which I would die a thousand deaths
“before he should accomplish. — He
“seemed moved, entreated pardon for
“what he termed the *fault of love*, and
“proceeded with all those soothing arts
“of which he was but too completely
“master.

“On this I repeated my rebukes, though
“in a more gentle tone, warned him how
“he behaved so in future, and finally re-
“minded him, though with blushes, how
“ill he had fulfilled his promise, and
“pressed him very closely on the subject
“of matrimony. He seemed a little con-
“fused at first, but soon recovering him-
“self, promised in two days time, (at
“which period he said he should be at full
“liberty,) he would set off with me for
“*Scotland*, where Mrs. D——r’s relations
“lived, (accompanied by her daughter,)
“and be united to me for ever. His
“word

“ word he confirmed with the most solemn oaths, and having, notwithstanding all that had passed, sealed his peace with a kiss, and an ardent embrace, departed, leaving me full of expectations.”

Here the coach stopping interrupted her narration ; and a grave gentleman, whom she called cousin, received her ; but seemed much astonished at seeing a man in her company. “ I have received, said he, your letter, and waited for you. What kind of reception, pray, did you meet with from Mr. *Asbby* ? and (begging your pardon, Sir,) who may this young gentleman be ? ” She blushed, and related what had passed between them ; he rebuked her gently ; but on his offering to retire would not suffer it, saying, “ No, Sir, since you have behaved so genteely, and like a man of honour, I insist on your coming in.—Be not offended I took notice of my cousin’s imprudence : she has paid but too dearly already for her indiscretion.” He ended, and introduced our Adventurer into a house well furnished, and bidding him be seated they entered into discourse on various subjects, while Miss was retired to adjust some trifles in her dress. As soon as she returned

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ed, Mr. *Searle* expressing a desire to hear the remainder of her story, having obtained the consent of her kinsman, she resumed the thread of her narrative, and proceeded with her history, as it is set down in the next chapter, which we give notice to all whom it doth, or may concern, will be the last in this book.

CHAP.

C H A P. VI.

Conclusion of the history of Miss Alton, containing the extraordinary story of her seduction, and the character of Sir L——R——. That young lady leaves London.

“ **T**IME seemed to move slowly till
 “ the day appointed arrived, in the
 “ morning of which, I received by the
 “ nurse a letter, importing, that Mr.
 “ *Harman* would be ready to remove
 “ me in the evening, and prepare for the
 “ journey I so much desired.

“ Accordingly, about dusk, a coach
 “ stopped at Mrs. *D——r*’s, out of which
 “ he alighted, and after a short speech,
 “ in which he gave us to understand he
 “ was going upon that very affair, he
 “ drove off again, enjoining me and Miss
 “ *D——r* to get ready the next morning
 “ by five o’clock for our journey. We did
 “ so, he was punctual to his word, and
 “ we set off about that time, in a very
 “ handsome travelling coach and four, on
 “ the northern road. — When we were
 “ come as far as *****, the coach
 “ broke down, but without any damage
 “ to any one. We got out, and Mr.
 “ *Harman*, after thanking Heaven for my
 “ safety,

“ safety, looking about him, cried out
“ with some emotion, *On my soul, that’s*
“ *lucky!* and informed us that a neat
“ house we saw at some distance belonged
“ to one of his friends ; we were accord-
“ ingly conducted thither, and received
“ by a serious middle-aged man, who
“ called my lover by his name, said his
“ master was gone to town on some
“ business, but he could make welcome in
“ his name *Mr. Harman* or any of his
“ friends. He seemed concerned at the
“ accident that had happened, and de-
“ sired we would refresh ourselves till it
“ could be repaired.

“ At this house we dined, and after
“ dinner, as I began to wish to be gone,
“ *Mr. Harman* sent to an inn on the road,
“ where he said the coach remained to be
“ repaired ;—the result of this message
“ was an answer, that the damage was so
“ great, that it could not be in a condition
“ to travel till evening.—When I expres-
“ sed my concern and eagerness for the
“ approach of that time ; sure said he,
“ looking tenderly on me, my dear *Lucy*
“ will not attempt to travel in the dusk :
“ when I answered in the affirmative, he
“ seemed disconcerted, and went out
“ hastily,

“ hastily, in order, as he said, to quicken
 “ the work.

“ When he was gone, the old man, and
 “ Miss D——r, as she was called, began
 “ to soothe me, and endeavour to dissuade
 “ me from going away that night, by
 “ representing the danger and inconve-
 “ nience of a journey, which he said,
 “ unless I proposed travelling all night,
 “ would forward me but very little; as the
 “ next place of refreshment we should
 “ arrive at was not above six miles off,
 “ and from thence it was above twenty-
 “ five to any town or house fit to en-
 “ tertain us. This was absolutely false,
 “ but I knew not that it was so; and in
 “ consequence it had with me the weight
 “ of an argument.

“ Mr. *Harman* presently returned
 “ seemingly much out of humour, be-
 “ cause, as he said, it was utterly impossi-
 “ ble we should set forward that evening,
 “ as the carriage could by no means be
 “ repaired till dark. He then ran over
 “ several persuasive arguments, which
 “ were echoed by the housekeeper, and
 “ was at last prevailed on (thence to my
 “ woman’s weakness) to pass that night
 “ where I was.

“ Having

“ Having gained thus far upon me,
“ he seemed more composed, a circum-
“ stance himself attributed to the pleasure
“ of having persuaded me into a resolu-
“ tion which secured me from fatigue and
“ danger. We sat down to tea in good
“ spirits, and took afterwards a walk in a
“ neat garden, which was really laid out
“ in a good taste. At the end was an
“ arbour, where, while I sat, to taste
“ the freshness of the breeze, and listen
“ to the murmurs of a cascade, he enter-
“ tained me with repeating the story of
“ his passion, and ran through all the arts
“ of persuasion, at intervals kissing my
“ hand, and pressing it in his.

“ To deal ingenuously, at such a time,
“ in such a situation, and from a man I
“ loved and looked upon as my husband,
“ I was not insensible to these and other
“ warmer caresses which he bestowed on
“ me; I approved, and even innocently
“ returned them, as they kept within the
“ bounds of decency.

“ The sun was set, and twilight far
“ advanced, before I thought of quitting
“ this scene of softness, and returning to the
“ house, which, when we entered, we were
“ conducted into an elegant room I had
“ not yet seen, up one pair of stairs, hand-
“ somely

“ somely furnished, with benches raised
 “ one above another at the upper end of
 “ it, and lighted up with wax candles. I
 “ was somewhat surprized at this circum-
 “ stance, and turning to him, expressed it.
 “ On which he smiled, and told me, that
 “ while he was enquiring about the coach,
 “ he met at the inn a friend of his, along
 “ with three or four musicians, who were
 “ going to town, but had been prevailed
 “ on by him to stay and give us a little
 “ concert.

“ I expressed some displeasure at his
 “ thus hazarding a discovery of our ad-
 “ venture, and making us the talk of
 “ the world; but he quieted my fears by
 “ assuring me, they took me for a cousin
 “ of his, who was going into the country
 “ under his escort. Time passed in con-
 “ versation till the musicians arrived, and
 “ taking their seats, entertained us with
 “ some pieces of *Corelli*, and many famous
 “ *Italian* masters, as also some of the most
 “ celebrated of our own countrymen.

“ The table was covered with wine,
 “ with which between each act the gen-
 “ tlemen performers regaled themselves.
 “ My lover would have fain pushed the
 “ bottle as briskly to me and Miss D—
 “ as to them; but I declined it: there
 “ was

“ was however a sweet sort of wine, which
“ I never remembered to have tasted be-
“ fore, and which he recommended to
“ me. It was extremely palatable, and
“ seemed to be rather weak : of this I
“ drank several glasses, without appre-
“ hending any ill consequences from it ;
“ though, as I afterwards found, he had
“ infused in it a certain feverish drug,
“ well-known for exciting the passions.

“ When two acts of the music were
“ over, an elegant supper was served up,
“ which all partook of with good-humour.
“ Mr. *Harman*’s musical friends were
“ agreeable companions, and made me
“ several gallant compliments, which I
“ received and returned in the best man-
“ ner I was able.

“ Almost as soon as the cloth was re-
“ moved, they returned to their station,
“ and struck up some of the most melt-
“ ing airs I ever heard. The wine again
“ took its place ; and though I was very
“ moderate and cautious, as I thought, in
“ the use of it ; yet I began to perceive
“ my head swim, my pulse beat high,
“ and a strange kind of ardour thrill
“ through my veins. I would have re-
“ tired ; but Mr. *Harman* prevented me,
“ and (I blush to say it) with little diffi-

VOL. I.

I

“ culty.

" culty. In a word, the soft strains of
 " the music, and the fumes of that
 " treacherous liquor, quite clouded my
 " reason. Uncertain objects danced be-
 " fore my sight, my eyes sparkled with
 " an ardent fire, unbidden blushes rose
 " upon my burning cheeks, my bosom
 " rose with sighs spontaneous, and a kind
 " of fever possessed my blood. All
 " things wore a different aspect from what
 " they had done but an hour before, and,
 " above all, my seducer (for such he really
 " proved) appeared lovely in my eyes;
 " a sudden and unconquerable passion rose
 " within me, and my voice, which issued
 " in broken murmurs, was atuned to
 " nothing but a wild and extravagant
 " love.

" The betrayer seized that moment,
 " and gave, no doubt, the signal to Miss
 " D——r and his friends to retire. They
 " withdrew; he approached me with a
 " trembling emotion, and after many ex-
 " pressions of an ardent love, embraced
 " me: I answered in faint murmurs, and
 " sunk overpowered on his bosom. In
 " that instant the table was removed, and
 " the room, before I could well lift my
 " eyes, turned into a chamber with a
 " bed.

“bed.* The momentary trance which
“had suppressed my faculties, had given
“time for the metamorphose, nor was
“I any thing like my former self on
“recovering from it.—I found my head-
“dress discomposed, my bosom bare,
“and eagerly pressed by the ardent hands
“of my lover. He proceeded to other
“liberties, unrepulsed; I was only passive.
“At length he bore me unresisting to the
“bed, where he completed his shameful
“conquest, and deprived me of what
“I most valued on earth.

“As it seemed afterwards, the house I
“had first been in was a house of private
“convenience, but an accident having
“happened some time before, in which
“the mistress of it was like to have paid
“dear for her ill intentions of deluding
“innocents, it was agreed that I should
“be removed to this obscure situation,
“where, if I baffled all their skill, force
“might be used, and my cries neither
“heard nor regarded.

I 2

“The

* This is no piece of romantic machinery;
but the sketch of a real transaction, which passed
not many miles from the metropolis. The change
here mentioned, was made by the known method
of sliding partitions, and the liquor prepared by
a scandalous infusion.

“ The old man was a creature of theirs,
 “ hired for the purpose, as indeed was the
 “ place itself. — A certain baronet was
 “ partner with him in this scheme, on the
 “ base condition that I should next be de-
 “ livered over to him.

“ The truth was, Mr. *Harman*, though
 “ he first courted me for my fortune, fell
 “ in love involuntarily with my person :
 “ and being cut out of all hopes of pos-
 “ sessing the *former*, by his quarrel with
 “ my aunt, resolved to possess himself by
 “ villainy of the latter, which, besides sa-
 “ tisfying his desires by the *one*, would
 “ also gratify his revenge by the *other*.

“ Next morning I awaked more dead
 “ than alive, and was surprized to find
 “ myself in bed alone. I recalled, as well
 “ as I could, my scattered thoughts, and
 “ what a scene of horror did remembrance
 “ present to my view ! — I raved, I beat
 “ my breast, and for a while acted the part
 “ of a lunatic. Rising at last, I found
 “ lying on the table an open letter, addres-
 “ sed to me, and importing, that Mr. *Har-*
 “ *man* was gone back to *London* on parti-
 “ cular business, and advising me to be
 “ careful of my health, and wait his return.

“ I tore the vile scrawl in ten thousand
 “ pieces, and vented again the most bitter
 “ reproaches

“reproaches on its author. On that instant came a servant out of breath, and delivered me a note without saying a word, which I supposed likewise to be from my deceiver; but on opening it, was surprized to find it contain the following words :

“ M A D A M,

“ Though I have not the honour of being personally known to you, I am no stranger to your misfortunes. If you will trust yourself with my sister, your betrayer will be called to a severe account, and yourself reconciled to your friends. As compassion will plainly appear to be my sole motive in this address, it is well worth your serious consideration, whether you will stay in a house hired by your seducer, or accept the offer of

“ M A D A M,

“ Your sincere friend

“ and humble servant,

“ L—— R——.

“ P. S. My servant, who waits on you with this, shall attend your answer at noon.”

“ At the bottom of this epistle was a
“ confirmation of its contents written in a
“ female hand, and signed *Selina R*—.

“ It was some time before I could come
“ to any resolution in this matter; in the
“ mean time I walked about the house ap-
“ parently at full liberty, without meeting
“ a soul. At noon a servant attended, and
“ I came to a determination to send word to
“ Miss *R*—, that I had a due sense of
“ her humane offer; that I would accept
“ any assistance to extricate myself from
“ my present difficulties, and bear me from
“ a house, where I supposed myself closely
“ watched, whatever false appearances
“ might seem to determine otherwise;
“ that I was obliged to her and Sir *L*—,
“ for their offers of mediation, though I
“ feared they would come too late; but
“ absolutely refused to trouble either of
“ them for the protection of their house.

“ I had not dispatched this two hours,
“ before I was alarmed with the clashing
“ of swords, and, looking out, distinguish-
“ ed seven or eight men closely engaged;
“ at length one party being routed, fled,
“ and their adversaries, instead of pursu-
“ ing them, advanced towards the house,
“ supporting an effeminate young man,
“ who seemed to be wounded.

“ As

“ As soon as they arrived, I was given
“ to understand they were servants of the
“ baronet, who was himself hurt in a fray,
“ occasioned by meeting some of *Har-*
“ *man's* people, who disputed their pas-
“ sage, a dispute which, they said, they
“ indeed had some expectations of, and
“ came prepared for.—While they were
“ telling this story, I was employed in
“ looking on their master. He was about
“ two and twenty, well enough shaped ;
“ but really with so effeminate a coun-
“ tenance, so disagreeable a softness, that
“ I could hardly persuade myself it was
“ any other than his sister dressed in his
“ cloaths. When he opened his mouth,
“ his voice had well nigh confirmed my
“ opinion, and I was even about to call
“ him Miss.—He informed us he was
“ wounded in his right arm, round which
“ he had bound his handkerchief, and
“ his coat and linen were sprinkled
“ with blood.—Though I conceived an
“ inexpressible dislike to his person and
“ dress, (which was that of a *petit-*
“ *maitre*,) yet I could not help shewing
“ some regard to one who was hurt on
“ my account ; but I blamed him for
“ hazarding himself in the enterprize :
“ he replied, with some forced compli-

“ments, and asked my permission to be
 “conducted to a chamber. I answered,
 “I was not mistress there, and was sur-
 “prized to hear him assert that I was,
 “and add, that he had taken it of the
 “landlord, over Mr. *Harman*’s head, and
 “the squabble I had seen was partly
 “about possession. This alarmed me
 “afresh, for fear of being the subject of
 “another fight; neither was I entirely
 “without suspicions of him; but they
 “vanished, on his ordering one servant to
 “go and beg the immediate presence of a
 “neighbouring justice, and another to
 “hasten the coming of his sister, and in-
 “form her of his adventure.

“Sir *L—— R——* having done this,
 “was led to a chamber. But in about
 “two hours after came down into a back
 “parlour, where he sent word he desired
 “to see me, and have some discourse with
 “me before the justice should arrive.
 “Unwilling to offend him, I went, and
 “found him sitting in his night-gown.
 “He apologized for his undress, and,
 “when we were alone, interrogated me
 “very closely on the late affair. I re-
 “lated it faithfully. Towards the end of
 “my narration, he drew his chair to-
 “wards me, and began to be very fami-
 “liar,

“liar, grasping my hand, and pressing
“my bosom. I drew off, and burst into
“tears, telling him I deemed such beha-
“viour an insult on me for the disgrace I
“had involuntarily suffered. He an-
“swered only with a smile, and at that
“instant, as I was retiring, I heard the
“door fastened without. I exclaimed
“aloud: he only laughed, and pressing
“upon me, my foot slipped, and he
“overthrew me on a settee, where I suf-
“fered a while the greatest indecencies;
“but his strength failed him so far, that
“he could not attain the completion of
“his brutal desires, and his effeminate
“frame grew so weak, that I rose in spite
“of him, and had just disengaged myself
“from his hold, when the door opened,
“and I was seized by a servant, that
“bound me in a rude and indecent man-
“ner, and left me to the mercy of his
“lewd master, who sat fanning himself
“and resting from his fatigue.

“He approached insulting me, and
“this second rape had now certainly been
“accomplished on me, helpless as I was,
“but that this worthy gentleman, my
“cousin, just then burst the door, and
“entered with officers of justice. Sir
“L—— R—— got bail immediately,
I 5 “and

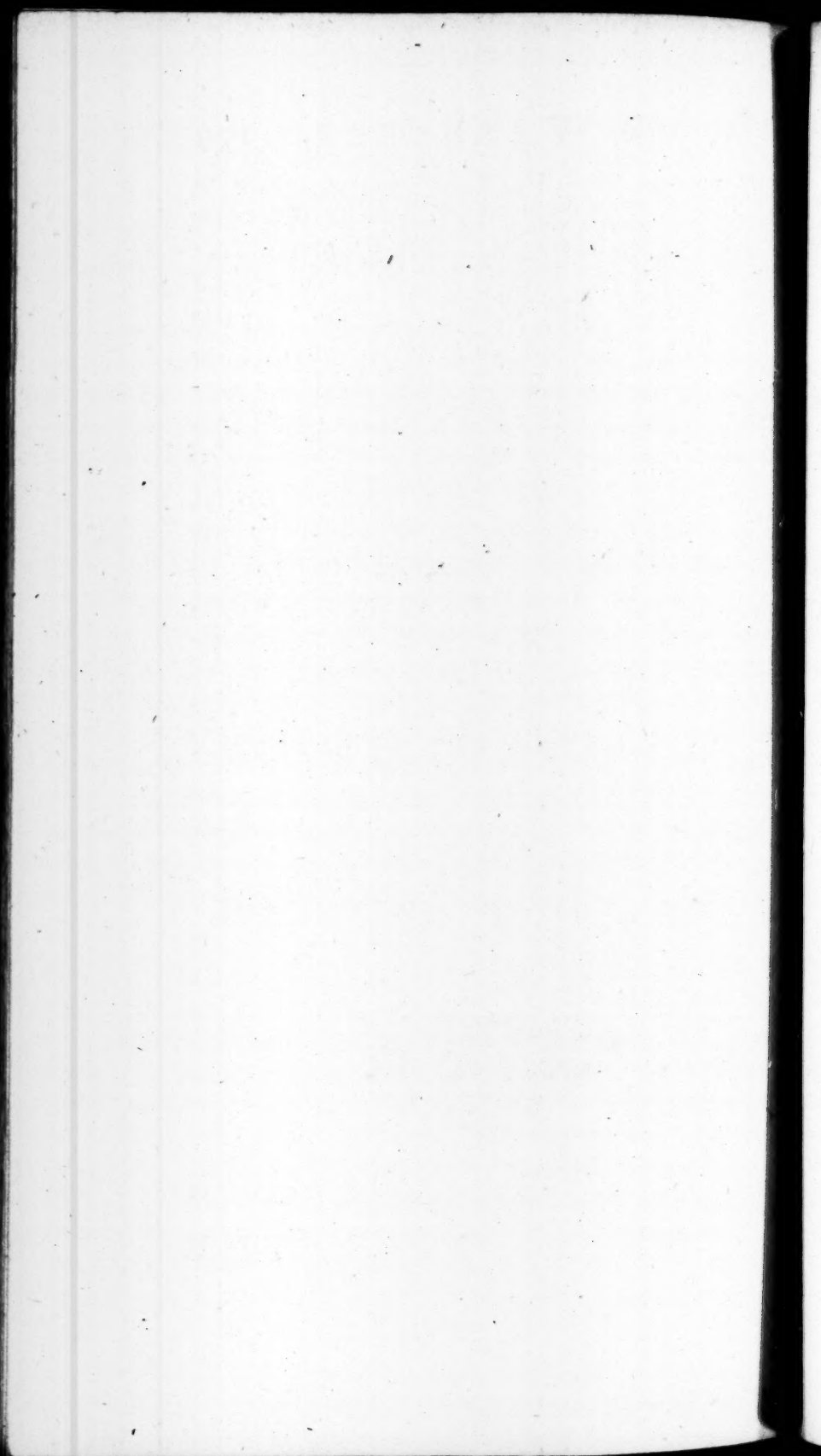
“and by his interest has prevented any
 “further proceedings. As for my be-
 “trayer, he has changed his name, as we
 “are informed, and left the town, to
 “avoid the reproach and trouble he
 “might otherwise incur by his proceed-
 “ings; though, to give him his due,
 “he does not want courage; and that is
 “his only virtue. — The gentleman’s
 “name, at whose door you found me, is
 “*Asbley*; I went to beg his intercession
 “with my friends, and he has treated me
 “like a common prostitute, and turned
 “me out of doors. In fine, Sir, here
 “(turning to her cousin) is my only
 “friend and protector, and to him I owe
 “that I am even at this hour alive.”

Here she ended, deeply sighing; and
 her story melted the heart of *Charles*, who
 much pitied her misfortunes, and detested
 as much the authors of her sufferings, little
 thinking that he had already engaged the
 one, as he was likewise destined to do the
 other, in the sequel. — His tenderness for
 this companion in misfortune, and friend-
 ship for her worthy cousin, kept him
 awhile from many excesses, nor did he
 ever entertain the thought of injuring her,
 nor even suppose her less chaste for the
 involuntary stain cast on her. — There is a
 powerful

powerful charm in mourning beauty, which holds the generous heart almost entirely at its disposal. But *Charles* entertained not the passion of love, though he did that of pity, for this fair one: on the contrary, her history brought at once to his mind, his dear *Harriet*, and the unhappy *Charlotte*. But all these good impressions vanished, on the withdrawing of Miss *Alton* and her cousin from the town; our Adventurer began to waver in his good resolutions, returned to his ill courses with *Newman*, and was confirmed in them, by meeting with an acquaintance; who that acquaintance was, if the reader expects to be informed in this book, he will most certainly find himself disappointed.

END of the SECOND BOOK.





THE
WANDERER.

BOOK the THIRD.

CHAP. I.

Introductory reflexions. Miss Arran's arrival at her father's seat. Description of that mansion. A match proposed. Character of the lover.

IF the reader has the least humanity, he must be in some concern for Miss *Harriet Arran*, whom we left, towards the end of the first book, in such bad company. But he may remember, we promised then to hurry him backward and forward as little as possible, and to shift the scene more regularly in the future sheets.

We

We are very sensible that if this History be judged by the common rules of a *Nouvelle*, it will be convicted of many irregularities and improprieties ; but as (for the various causes already assigned) such a criticism must be founded on false principles, that particular will give us no uneasiness.

As to the characters here drawn, much has been said on that head in the preface ; we will only add, that should so true a mirror be held up to every one, as would shew them their exact selves, there is not one in even ten thousand that would own, or even know the picture : yet would there be many that would claim their neighbour's portrait thus shewn, who had perhaps despised and hated the original.

If ever a female might glory in owning hers, it was Miss *Arran* ; yet, to her praise be it spoken, there never was a woman more unwilling to own it : she was perpetually endeavouring to deserve a character she would never allow that she had. — There is a certain affectation in the sex, which, by pretending to condemn their own praises, artfully draw so many more from the mouths of their admirers ; such was not *Harriet's* ; the approbation of the wife and good she both sought and enjoyed

joyed with pleasure, though they never inspired vain thoughts : but for compliments paid either to her personal or mental qualifications, such as were perpetually sounding in her ears, or spoken to be told her again, she set the due value on them ; heard, despised, and forgot them ; and if her banishment into the country had been productive of no other hardship, than a retirement from such flatterers, it would never have given her the least uneasiness.—How few of her sex can say the same, with justice ; many, too many, of good dispositions, listen to the deluding siren song of adulation, even though they frequently despise her ministers ; and, as the proverb says, *love the treason, while they hate the traitor.*

[Hence *Araminta*, a lady of wit, beauty, and many amiable accomplishments, though joined in marriage to the virtuous, the sensible *Honorio* ; though the delight of the wise, great and good, of both sexes, yet this vain fair-one takes the greatest pleasure in hearing her praises sounded from the mouths of the vain *Narcissus*, and the effeminate *Fretillus* ; wretches whom, in her heart, she laughs at and despises. Did not the world know her sense, and the good qualities of her husband,

band, whom she is known to love, and the despicable ones of these, her virtue had long since been suspected with the latter, who escorts her to public places, visits her in private, capers up and down the house like a squirrel, attends in her dressing-room, nay, flutters into her very bed-chamber, and takes such liberties, unrestrained, as from any other would cloud her brow with a frown. If *Araminta* used this piece of foppery, only as a monkey, to laugh at it, it might be excusable; but this is not the case: her liking proceeds from her vanity, which is wounded if he withdraws; and whenever the insignificant animal affects to be angry, the lady is really unhappy.—In short, as was said of a certain duke, “*Beloved by the wise, she dies if she is not likewise the admiration of fools.*”]

But, to leave this digression—The post-chariot in which we left Miss *Arran* and her female guardian, proceeded with all possible celerity, nor stopped its course till they arrived at *F*——, where, snatching a hasty dinner, rather of the latest, they went on again, and reached *H*——, a town we have mentioned already in this History, where they lay that night, the unhappy lady scarce speaking a word in
all

all that time, and having not touched a morsel at dinner.

When they sat down to supper, the house-keeper pressed Miss to eat ; and, to avoid being plagued, she submitted rather to eat a bit of chicken, than to suffer persecution, though, in reality, she had no inclination to it.—The duenna then began to expostulate with her, commend her father's prudence, and recommended patience under a confinement she said would be but short, and which she would do her utmost to render as agreeable as possible. To all this her prisoner only replied, with a sigh, that she had the greatest respect for the orders of her father, but was sorry to see him so prejudiced against her ; that she thanked Mrs. *Artly* for her professions, but could have wished her good-will had been employed in *preventing* such a confinement, rather than in *rendering it easy*. Closely as this touched her, she found many specious excuses, such as want of influence, &c. with which she knew her former mistress, now her subject, must be satisfied.

Two beds were prepared for them in the same room by her particular directions, in one of which (having locked the door and put the key under her head) she

she presently fell fast asleep; while poor *Harriet* lay tumbling in the other, a prey to disagreeable reflexions till the dawn of day, when wearied nature could hold out no longer, and sleep weighed down her eyelids.—In about two hours she was called, and after having taken a dish of coffee, again entered the chariot, which conveyed them, in a few hours, to Mr. *Arran's* seat in *Hampshire*.

This was an antiquated piece of building, which had remained, with some few alterations, from the time of king *John* and his barons.—A moat and a high wall encircled it.—The entrance was over a draw-bridge, by a gate ornamented with the figures of armed heroes, some of which had lost a leg, some an arm, others their heads. After the ceremony of admission, passing over a large court-yard, one entered certain cloisters, which led to the door of the house, fortified with transverse rows of hob-nails, and which opened to a scene equally romantic.

First, a great hall presented itself to the view, furnished with a bell to call to dinner, two huge benches, and an oak table, that had defied old Time, and fortified with a blunderbuss, two guns, several braces of pistols, a rusty broadsword,

sword, an old *Norman* pike, and a strong yew bow; all which were placed in order over the chimney.—Besides all these, there were hung up, at the upper end, the arms and genealogy of the family, and, by way of trophy, the jutting antlers of a stag full grown, some foxes skins, and bats trans-fixed with large nails. A large bow-window shed a *dubious religious light* over all, and a croaking raven, long familiar to the place, welcomed all comers with his sonorous throat.

This hall opened, on one side into a chapel, sufficiently hung with cobwebs, and whose *long-sounding aisles* re-echoed to the hootings of *Minerva's* bird, which had found a nest in an half-ruined tower. On the other hand was a set of rooms answerable, two parlours oak-floored, a withdrawing room, and a kitchen with a vast copper, which, as if it were designed for the gigantic antediluvian world, had no other bounds above but the roof of the house, which was not a little damaged with wind and weather.—Returning to the hall, by a dark stair-case, illumined only by loop-holes, you ascended to several chambers hung with ancient tapestry, with bedsteads which required a ladder to ascend them, and other furniture
answer-

answerable. There were besides several retreating places, some within the walls, which were of a comfortable thickness, others between the floorings, and some again to which you passed by long dark entries, on the back part of the stair-case. A kind of blind gallery separated this range of chambers from two more remarkable. One, which seemed designed for a room of state, having at the upper end a large oaken chair, which had been gilded, and stood on a platform under a canopy of fringed red cloth, much moth-eaten: the form of a coronet appeared on the head of a spear, which stuck just so far above the chair, as to appear behind the canopy; benches fixed in the flooring, ran regularly widening to the bottom of the room, where they were terminated by a vast inlaid chest of cypress wood, wrought in figures, which seemed calculated for depositing papers of consequence. The other apartment, fronting to the gate, appeared intended for defence. In it was a kind of armory of old pikes, bows, and cross-bows, and between every window a loop-hole made in a sort of buttrice or bastion.—This was the most lightsome room in the house.—Above were garrets and lofts, not to be ascended but by ladders,

ders, and the whole was crowned with a platform and some very long old iron guns, pointed through the embrasures, as we see them in castles.

The cellars, vaults, and subterraneous passages below, made the bottom of this extraordinary edifice every way suitable to its top.

It is easy to conceive Miss *Arran* (who, though she had often heard of, had never seen this piece of antiquity) * conceived a very unfavourable opinion of the mansion. Servants there were none, but an old tenant of her father's, who had long lived in it rent-free, received her at her entry, and welcomed her to her ancient paternal seat, where she now passed the days in reading and contemplation, the nights in restless anxiety. Yet would she have been contented, had her malicious fortune stopped there, and actually began to resign herself to her destiny, when she was told by her gaoler, who took every opportunity to make unhappiness yet more unhappy,

* Mr. *Arran* had quitted it, and lived in another modern house of his own, in the same county, before she was born.—We know not whether critics may deem this description a natural one, but of this we are sure, it is a true one; for our own eyes have been witnesses to the truth of it.

unhappy, that she must prepare to receive her father, together with a friend of his, who was coming to relieve her from her confinement, and address her as a lover.

This was most unwelcome news to her, whose heart was touched more sensibly than even she herself knew till that hour; and she would willingly have suffered an hundred times as much, to have been delivered from the disagreeable expectation.

And if she was so averse to the thoughts of this lover before she saw him, she was ten times more so afterwards. When the dreaded period being come, a coach stopped at the gate, out of which descended Mr. *Arran*, and entered, introducing a kind of dubious animal, who possessed every thing that is disagreeable in either sex, sumptuously, but foppishly, attired, and the very model of Affectation herself.

The young lady, without regarding this figure of a man, ran to her father, before whom, with tears in her eyes, she bent the knees of filial piety: he raised her gently, and turning her towards the above-mentioned personage, obliged her to receive his salute, and then proceeded thus.—“ This gentleman is the person to
“ whom, if you are not perverse, you
“ will

“will owe your future happiness; he is
“rich, handsome, well-born, of a good
“disposition, and every way worthy of
“our alliance; be not then blind to your
“good fortune, which courts you, nor
“obstinately refuse one whom I have
“determined shall be your husband. —
“I have heard much of your perverseness,
“and schemes to find out your
“worthless rake, who is now dissolutely
“abandoning himself to debauchery in
“town.—To cut off all hopes of that
“kind, for your honour, and for my
“own, I have singled out for you this
“most worthy young gentleman, who
“will take you with all your faults:
“accept him, and be happy. Refuse
“him, and I renounce you for ever: take
“your choice. I had thought to have
“delivered myself in milder terms, but
“for the ill accounts I hear of you; but
“speak, will you wipe off all remem-
“brance of former faults, by a prompt
“compliance with what will conduce to
“my happiness and your own; or will
“you perversely render me unfortunate
“in being a parent, and yourself a cast-
“away?”

He ceased: she wept, and stood mute
while; at last she addressed him with all
the

the eloquence of persuasive grief, endeavouring to clear herself from the malicious aspersions that she perceived had been thrown on her by her ill-minded guardian, concluded with her readiness to obey him in every thing, but complained of so sudden a design of marrying her to one she never saw, and with whose person and qualifications she was utterly unacquainted.

The *man* was displeased ; but the *father* was moved for his child : he began to think he had used methods too harsh, and spoke to her in a tone more gentle, yet with the same tenor of a firm and fixed resolution, and finally allowed her a week to consider on it, on condition she would admit the visits of her new lover every day, hear his plea, and receive him with cheerfulness : and seeing her covered with confusion, he permitted her to retire for the present, and compose her perturbed spirits.

Her lover had all this time amused himself with walking up and down the room, humming a tune, admiring himself and adjusting his hair in a pocket-glass, only sometimes coming up to them and crying in a solemn tone,—“ Yes, “ madam, it is very true—very true, in-
“ deed,

“ deed, as Mr. *Arran* says,” and after fixing his eyes on her till she was out of countenance, resumed his tune and his glass, and walked off.

When *Harriet* was retired, Mr. *Arran* asked him what he thought of his daughter?—He replied, she was as handsome as an Angel, but he feared she would prove as obstinate as the Devil.—This kind of answer was not indeed thoroughly agreeable to her father; but he passed it by as an effect wrought upon the lover, by the ill reception he had met with from his mistress; and indeed that gentleman drew from it, justly, no very sanguine hopes of his future success.

While her father and admirer were entertaining each other below, the lady retired to her chamber, where she gave full vent to her grief. “ Unhappy that I am, (said she to herself) thus to exchange one persecution for another! Was it not enough that I was banished from my friends, and the social comforts of life? Was it not enough to be thus cloistered like a nun? Yet this solitude, these walls, these gloomy shades, the awful remains of antiquity, custom might have rendered familiar, had I not found perpetually a persecutor within their

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“ circuit. But neither was that sufficient,
 “ but I must be threatened with a new
 “ evil in a lover ; and how detestable a
 “ one ! whose person, whose manners, nay,
 “ whose character *, are equally excep-
 “ tionable. Heavens ! how unlike him
 “ for whom I suffer this confinement.
 “ Do I sigh for him ? Why should I be
 “ ashamed of it ? How poor are those
 “ methods of aspersing his character,
 “ which have been taken to set my father
 “ against him. And such, such, my dear
 “ parent, have been the practises of that
 “ ill woman, to make you indifferent to
 “ your child ; that child, whose heart
 “ should have burst with sorrow, e’er
 “ she would have matched herself against
 “ your approbation : but now, forced on
 “ what her soul most abhors, on what
 “ perhaps yourself will repent when too
 “ late ; what way remains for the un-
 “ happy *Harriet*, what, but to sink the
 “ victim of her misfortunes, and of your
 “ displeasure.—O *Charles* ! what evil def-
 “ tiny inspired both of us with a mutual
 “ passion, and involved us in equal mis-
 “ fortunes !”

CHAP.

* The fame of his character had spread itself,
 and Mr. *Arran* himself had heard it ; but was
 prejudiced in his favour.

C H A P. II.

Motives for the lady's confinement. Deep schemes of Mr. Nairne. Emily's disobedience and elopement. Mr. Arran's conduct. Extreme distress of his daughter.

THUS Miss *Arran* spent the tedious hours in mourning, and dreaded each returning day that presented to her view her hated lover, and reminded her at the same time how opposite he was to the choice of her heart.

Nor was her father in a state of much greater tranquillity. From the time he had first conveyed his daughter into the country, he had received (as he hinted in his speech to her) repeated complaints from her governess of her uneasy and restless behaviour. Every letter was filled with some of the rash resolves she had made, some scheme detected, or method of escape defeated; all of which had no other existence than in her fertile invention. First she hated (as we have elsewhere noticed) the unhappy lady; and secondly, she had a great allowance and many privileges, all of which she knew must cease with her office: and thought by such a conduct to ingratiate herself

herself with her master to approve her fidelity to him; nor was she deceived; that gentleman was perpetually commending and rewarding her for adding to his uneasiness, and contributing all in his power towards her happiness, only for rendering him unhappy.

But besides all this, Mr. *Nairne* was for ever (for reasons of his own) advising that deluded parent to continue his cruelty towards his child, and resolving, if possible, to put it out of his kinsman's power, whom he resolved to ruin, ever to marry such a great fortune as might perhaps enable him to thwart his schemes; he advised Mr. *Arran* to permit the extraordinary person, mentioned in the last chapter, to address his daughter.

This person was no other than the very Sir *L—— R——*, who had acted so base a part in the tragedy of Miss *Alton*; but whose interest had hushed an affair, in which her friends had been so blinded by artifice, as to believe her too guilty to deserve their countenance and support.

It was therefore easy for a man of Mr. *Nairne's* address, to obviate any objections of that kind raised against his character, by representing, that if he or his friend

friend *Harman* had been really guilty, the person in question had friends able to have brought that guilt to light, who, on the contrary, deserted and abandoned her, like a prostitute.—[An useful lesson this for parents, who, if their children have, by villainous seduction, once made a false step, would surely do better to recall and restore them to favour, and expose the seducer, than to abandon them to infamy, want, and misery.]

These arguments, seconded by that of fortune and an *honourable* alliance, (as he termed it,) had the intended weight with *Mr. Arran*: as to the baronet, it was equal to him whether he lived a single or a married life, as there was no luxury, vice, or folly, in which he was immersed in one state, that he had the least thought of checking in the other. As for *Harriet*, he had seen her, and was very desirous to possess her, which was all the regard he ever entertained for a woman;—stranger to the refined sentiments of the tender generous heart, he knew not the soft dominion of real love.—The person of his mistress, after marriage and enjoyment, he intended to throw by as an incumbrance, but to keep her fortune as a real good. He, therefore, readily under-

took a journey to Mr. *Arran's* seat, to take, as he imagined, immediate possession of his daughter.

Had Nature formed this creature such, as at the age of twenty-two he appeared, she only had been answerable for his defects ; but it was otherwise.—His person, indeed, was always soft and effeminate, yet he made it much more so by his manners and *scandalous practices*, inso-much that he often absolutely wanted *ability* equal to his desires for the perpetration of his crimes : he had naturally a ready wit, and wanted not for sense ; an university education was intended to be bestowed on him, but he contemned its advantages, chusing only a private tutor, who was entirely subservient to his idleness and vices. All this was permitted by his indulgent parents, whom, in return, he despised for their weakness.—He grew worse as he grew older, and enervated himself every day by his vices.—Bodily exercises he never took, and mental ones he regarded as little ; the whole of his reading never extending beyond *Ovid's Art of Love*, or some obscene novel.

Such were his qualifications, when the death of his father left him in possession
of

of five thousand pounds a year: his mother's heart he broke soon after, and uncontrouled pursued his pleasures: these, to do him justice, lay not amongst the common scenes of riot;—no, he was too great a coward to trust his person to the mercy of those outrageous gentlemen who travel the streets nightly, and sweep all before them.

But if an innocent girl, let her station be high or low, fell in his way, he triumphed in her ruin; if by seducing a wife from her husband, or sister from her brother, (where the parties were not in a capacity to revenge it,) if he could thus make a family unhappy, it was matter of joy to him, and, in these cases, if he could not attain possession of their persons, he failed not in revenge to blast their characters. Mistresses he had besides for his private pleasures, whom he paid handsomely, and visited, perhaps, once in a month; and these, while they accepted his money, for many reasons despised his effeminate person. Yet, if ever he appeared moderate in this point, or any other part of his pleasures, such moderation arose not from virtue but necessity.

Wine he used to excess, by which he frequently injured his health; but he had the art to be seldom seen in liquor. Indeed he was as private as he could in most of his pleasures; but such privacy arose only from the desire of securing a succession of them to himself more effectually. Religion, and all laws human and divine, he utterly despised; yet often put on a seeming regard for each, as each served his turn; though to his intimates he openly disclaimed them. His furniture and table were splendid; but his tradesmen ill paid, and his servants ill-used, such excepted as were pandars to his vices. In a word, he was one of the worst characters the book of human nature presents to our view. Now, reader, canst thou think such a one a fit husband for the accomplished, the generous, the tender, the lovely Miss *Harriet Arran*?

That lady, indeed, had wonderful obligations to Mr. *Nairne*, for proposing such a match to her father; but he had his ends in it. Meanwhile, he himself was unhappy: his daughter was a long while inconsolable, and almost raving on account of *Charles's* retreat, and had absolutely, in the height of her frenzy, formed a design of following him she knew not whither;

whither ; when her scheme was detected, she flew out into the most bitter invectives against her father, whom, from that hour, she was determined to disobey and cross in every thing.

If Mr. *Nairne* had a virtue in his nature, it was that of natural affection for his child. He strove all he could to comfort her, but in vain ; she reproached him with his unkind treatment of his nephew and *Welden*, his dissimulation to Mr. *Arran*, and his ingratitude to his friend and brother. In vain did he alledge that all these were but so many pieces of goodwill to her, and that, “ if he were a villain, “ it was for her service ; ” she would hear nothing ; but shut herself up in her chamber, and for some time abandoned herself to rage and despair.

Meanwhile the affair of Mrs. *Tamworth* came to the ears of her father, who failed not to report it to *Emily*, with bitter exaggerations, as he did, from time to time, every thing he heard to *Charles*’s disadvantage. Violent passions are not lasting ; hers accordingly subsided, but left behind it a natural bad temper, made yet more sour by disappointment, and she put on a gloomy sullenness which went to the heart of her parent.

About this time a neighbouring young gentleman was very frequent in his visits at Mr. *Nairne's*, and as his company seemed to please *Emily*, being of a very facetious turn, her father was pleased to encourage any thing that would take off from her melancholy, nor would he have had the least objections to a courtship from that quarter ; but this was what the person in question never so much as hinted at.

However, he wound himself so far into the affections of the daughter, that he plainly perceived she could deny him nothing ; he had flattered her foibles, soothed her grief, and encouraged her disobedience ; and experienced in her the truth of that maxim, that a woman's affections are easily fixed by such methods on a new object, while they are just warm from the impression of the old.

It was impossible but a man of the address of *Charles's* uncle must perceive something of this ; but being, as we have said, well-disposed to receive any proposals of that kind from the youth, he waited only till they should be made ; when, all on a sudden, his daughter, dispensing with that ceremony, having secured all her jewels, and what money of her own she could,

could, left him, to his inexpressible grief and vexation, and went off with her lover.

Nor was there wanting any thing that might make this loss yet more intolerable. He had entrusted her with several of his secrets, and he now began to doubt whether her breast was not as unsafe a repository for them as he could have made choice of. Among them was a scheme of a black nature, relating to his own brother, in case her marriage with *Charles* had taken place, which was hinted at in the first book, and will be laid open in the following pages.

These thoughts kept him perpetually on the rack ; yet he was one upon whom afflictions might press hard, without having any good effect. In the case before us, these only served to redouble his malice to his innocent kinsman, who he heard with pleasure was taking the ready road to ruin.

Meanwhile his scheme of matching Miss *Arran* with Sir *L*——, met with all the opposition from her, that so tender a temper, yet endued with a proper spirit, could be capable of making, to the unreasonable desire of a parent she loved and honoured, to marry her to a man she hated and despised. — When the week

given her to consider was expired, she was only confirmed in her aversion, which, though expressed in moderate terms, and with the greatest respect to her father, were yet fixed and steady: he perceived it, and losing all patience, after many bitter exclamations left her to the *faithful, prudent* gentlewoman her governess, with strict orders for her close confinement in her chamber for some days, at the end of which he would return, and compel her to that by force which gentle methods could not effect.—And so saying he departed, leaving her in a deplorable situation.

No sooner was he gone, than his commands were put in execution in the utmost rigour, nay strained to torment his unhappy daughter, who was now miserably abandoned to the worst of evils, that of being under the power of a malicious enemy. Her situation was indeed easier to be imagined than described.

Her gaoler denied her the liberty of stirring, on any account whatever, from her chamber, which was now locked up, and become, in the strictest sense, her prison, and to the windows of which iron bars were fixed to prevent all possibility of escape. Her victuals she herself brought to her, and no one else was suffered

ferred to approach her. Thus she pined away beneath the most afflicting bondage in the flower of her youth and the bloom of her beauty, and was absolutely near falling an innocent victim to her father's misguided anger (decaying sensibly every day, and being seized with a low fever which preyed on her spirits;) when Mr. *Arran* arriving, was greatly grieved at the change he perceived in his child, and began to think he had taken methods too rough with so mild a temper. Alarmed for her safety, he caused an eminent physician to attend her, who declared her distemper to be more that of the mind than the body.—The old gentleman then grew more calm, treated her in a gentle manner, restored her the liberty of the house and garden, and even forbore speaking on the subject of the marriage till she had recovered her strength; and then, finding her still as averse to it, yet answering in terms the most mild, submissive, and persuasive, he had even begun to lay aside all thoughts of the match, on her promise not to correspond with *Charles*, a design he unfortunately communicated to her ill-natured guardian.

That *prudent* gentlewoman had herself given Sir *L*—— some significant hints
on

on his first addressing *Harriet*, and intimated, that as all her privileges, which were considerable, must cease on their marriage, she expected to be remembered; which the baronet complied with, and ever after she was fixed to his interest; and the more so, as to gratify him would be to make her lady miserable, whom she never loved. She hesitated not therefore to start many objections to the intended breach of promise, by representing how ill it would appear to the world to break off with and offend a person of Sir *L*——'s consequence, in an affair so far advanced, and to suffer himself to be conquered in a point of such importance by a daughter, who, exulting in her success, would not, doubtless, stop there, nor let him rest till she had, by fair or foul means, got him to consent to her throwing herself away on that dissolute young man, who was so unworthy of his alliance.

Though these arguments were not entirely without their weight in his mind, yet paternal fondness had certainly prevailed but for a scheme his *faithful* servant laid, which had the desired effect, in renewing the persecutions of her unhappy lady. She counterfeited a letter
from.

from young *Searle* to Miss *Arran*, which was full of invectives against her father; hinting at a resolution she had made to escape, and fly to his arms at all events, applauding her ingenuity in the plan she had laid to effect it; and concluding with assuring her, he should not be wanting on his part to second her with all his power.

This letter (into which she had artfully infused a weak vindication of his character, to make it appear more natural) the good Mrs. *Artly* carried, with seeming great emotion, to her master; saying she had just found it lying open on Miss's table, who was then walking in the garden; professing, at the same time, she could not guess how or from whom she could have received it; but added, *she* could not be supposed to be answerable for any thing, now Mr. *Arran* was there himself, and had, in effect, taken her lady out of her charge, and allowed her liberties, which it was but too plain she abused.

The moment he had read this letter, he retired to the chamber which, while he staid here, he had made his study: thither he sent for his daughter, and after upbraiding her in the bitterest terms, threw her the letter, which she utterly denied that *Charles* ever wrote, or she ever received.

received.—She was then asked, whether she could prove, by comparing it with any other of his writings, that it was not his hand? But this bait would not do; she really had never received any letter from him, nor could she be supposed to have received any, as the reader may well remember according to the circumstances of this History.

The old gentleman had not any of *Charles's* writing himself, as his cunning servant well knew, when she produced this; though, to give her her due, she had acquired so exact a method of imitating hands, that even then it would have been difficult to have distinguished the false from the true; nor did the suspicion of such a deceit once enter into his head, whatever he might say to *Harriet*.

She continued stedfast in protesting her innocence; her father and accuser as obstinate in insisting on her guilt; and the event was, the revival of the old scheme of marrying her with all expedition to Sir *L—— R——*, who was sent for that very day, and made acquainted with the supposed danger he was in, and the letter delivered into his hands, which he, having had his lesson from the governess, tore to pieces, in an affected transport of passion.

Her

Her liberty was now again abridged; however, the whole house was left her to range in; but it was a capital crime to enter the garden. And so eager was Mr. *Arran* for preventing her elopement, that he would have had the marriage celebrated the next morning, but that the baronet was obliged to go up to town on particular affairs, and thinking himself sure of his prize, made no scruple of deferring it till his return, though much against the persuasions of Mr. *Arran*, and his friend the housekeeper.

Meanwhile the lovely *Harriet* suffered all the tortures of suspense, in which, cruel as they were, we must leave her a while, and return to *Charles*, in *London*, who was entirely ignorant of all these events; leaving likewise his uncle to enjoy his schemes, and his deluded father, in *Somersetshire*, mourning the loss of a son, whom he thought past reclaiming; a melancholy consideration for one who had once placed his chief happiness in that very son. But, as circumstances appeared, what otherwise could he think, when every post confirmed his ill opinions, by the relation of his dissolute manners, some particulars of which were but too true.

C H A P.

C H A P. III.

The History returns to Charles. He is introduced to a numerous company. Meets an old acquaintance. Character of a Misanthrope. Night adventures.

WHILE our Hero was proceeding in his round of pleasures, *Newman* proposed to introduce him, at a certain tavern, to a very agreeable set of lively and sensible gentlemen, (he said,) who frequented it, and among whom there was an old friend of his just returned out of the country.—*Charles* was very glad of this opportunity, accepted the offer, and proceeded to the house with his companion, when, on being shewed into a very handsome room above stairs, he was agreeably surprized to see his old acquaintance *Belville*, surrounded by a very gay assembly of young fellows, richly dressed, of whose company he seemed to be the life.—On his entrance they rose respectfully, and *Newman* would have presented him, when *Belville*, starting from his seat, acknowledged him immediately, loaded him with civility, and himself insisted on having the honour of introducing him,

him, of which he acquitted himself cavalierly.

They consisted, at that time, of his friend *Belville*; a middle aged gentleman, of the name of *Sommers*, who possessed a great landed estate; a celebrated dramatic writer; a colonel; a town beau; and a young gentleman who affected very much the title of a pretty fellow: besides these remarkable personages, there were several of their acquaintance met together; such as, *Will Careless*, *Ned Ramble*, *Tom Nightly*, *Jack Giddy*, and others, of whom, having little share in the events of this History, and little worth remarking in their characters, we shall content ourselves with taking no other notice, than that they were ambitious of the character of town rakes.

Our Hero soon saw, and was not a little pleased to see, that his friend *Belville* possessed talents far superior to most of the company, and that they all seemed to pay a kind of deference to his judgment, though all did not seem to do it with equal satisfaction, the reason of which appeared before the evening was far advanced, when a person plainly dressed, but with an air of dignity, entered the room, to whom great respect was paid; and who, taking
his

his seat opposite to *Belville*, seemed to divide the attention of the company.

The name of this extraordinary person was *Quarme*, by birth a gentleman, possessed of a considerable fortune, which, however, had been much greater, but for the extravagance of his youth, a fault which to correct, he ran into another, of a misanthropical tendency; and being naturally given to raillery, he now gave a loose to his spleen, and pointed his satires, which were in general keen and well turned, indiscriminately upon all that part of mankind which fell under his cognisance. He was a great admirer of the wit of *Swift*, and the maxims of *Rocheffoucault*. His taste for pleasures he had not lost, but was become a greater œconomist in them, and less generous to the objects of his passion. Wine, which so frequently alters the tempers of other men, only served to set a keener edge on his satires, which, when elevated by that, kept not the bounds of decency: drunk he never appeared, for he had a strong head and a good constitution. As to his person, he was tall, stout, thick set, and broad over the shoulders, with a long oval face, a forehead high and prominent, dark eye-brows,

brows, beneath which appeared eyes which were somewhat large and piercing, filled with a fire, which, at the same time that it argued a penetrating genius, gave him an aspect rather forbidding, though the rest of his features were well turned, and he might be called, on the whole, a handsome, portly man.

As soon as he was seated, they all crowded round him, and seemed desirous to know the reason they had not seen him that whole day before: “I’ll tell you, gentlemen, (returned he,) I have been taken up in viewing the follies of mankind.—This morning I received a message from Lord *Gretton*, (the peer whom I remarked so lately for a capricious passion for an unworthy mistress,) intimating that he would be glad to see me on a very particular occasion. I waited accordingly on his lordship. I was conducted into his chamber: there, to my surprize, I found him in his bed, with several people in tears standing round him. At my approach this family of mourning quitted the room, and he thus delivered himself in a feeble tone. Oh! *Quarme*, when last I saw you, how little did I think we should meet thus! But for this I have none but
“ myself

“ myself to accuse. You may remem-
 “ ber what your last advice to me was
 “ in regard to *Mariamne*. Not long
 “ after we parted, I met Sir *William*
 “ *Boucher*; he repeated what you had
 “ told me, but with many more cir-
 “ cumstances of aggravation to her. I
 “ contradicted him, and grew but too
 “ warm on the subject: he alledged all
 “ he had said was only to serve me, but
 “ that would not do. I insisted he should
 “ unsay all he had said to the prejudice of
 “ her virtue, and beg my pardon in pub-
 “ lic. On his refusal, and protesting the
 “ truth of what he had asserted, transported
 “ with rage, I gave him the lie, accom-
 “ panied with a blow: we drew; every
 “ one knows how far his skill exceeds
 “ mine. Before we could be parted, I
 “ received a wound the surgeons have
 “ declared mortal: and what still aggra-
 “ vates my misfortune is, that the very
 “ person for whom I die, eloped from me
 “ but yesterday, taking bills, cash, and
 “ jewels, to the amount of two thousand
 “ pounds. Friends I have none, but
 “ such as are so through their expecta-
 “ tions, and my nephew and heir is even
 “ at this time making merry at the news
 “ of my misfortune. To disappoint as
 “ much

“ much as possible the views of sordid
“ flatterers, and insolent heirs, I have
“ sent for you to bequeath you, while I yet
“ have it in my power, all my personal
“ estate, of which none of my relations
“ are worthy.”—He fulfilled his words,
“ and has done me that favour out of
“ spite, he never would have done out of
“ kindness. I expect every moment an
“ account of his departure from the the-
“ atre, on which he has played his part so
“ ill. He lived a dupe to a whore’s
“ schemes, and died in defence of her
“ virtue. His life was a scene of pre-
“ posterous debauchery neither suitable
“ to his age nor dignity, and his death a
“ piece of the most romantic folly.—You
“ know his *Mariamne*, gentlemen, and I
“ need say no more.”

By the different observations made on this story, the various turns of each individual were easy to be distinguished, and above all, it was particularly remarkable, that whatever was the point in question, *Belville* and Mr. *Quarme* were always on different sides, while the company listed themselves in two divisions, each under the banner of his favourite chief.

On the part of *Belville*, were the Colonel, *Jack Rattle*, *Careless*, *Giddy*, and their

their associates. On that of the Misanthrope, 'Squire *Sommers*, Mr. *Palm*, *Ned Ramble*, *Will Sly*, and their companions.

But as the evening advanced, argument declined, and all agreed to drown their varying opinions in wine. Mirth heightened as the glass went round, and a jovial humour shone forth in every one, which showed each individual happy in himself, and endeavouring to impart that satisfaction to his neighbour; happy indeed could they stop here, and not convert an intended cordial into an actual poison. But to proceed—

To mirth succeeded riot; to joy, confusion: twenty spoke at once, and not one was found to hear them; every one full of himself, and satisfied of his own abilities, expected the rest should be so too. Hence arose words, which had nearly come to blows in the assembly, when *Belville* rising, proposed to those choice spirits, to express their elevation by singing, as a more eligible method than wrangling—In an instant a dozen voices, in different keys, began a discordant kind of melody. It was in vain for *Quarme* to remonstrate on the necessity of order, and ridicule the unharmonious concert. But *Ramble*, who was remarkable for his
Stentorian

Stentorian faculties, rising, put an end to the dispute, by roaring out the burlesque on the *Attic Fire*, in a voice *Stentor* himself need not have been ashamed to own.

Thus passed the time, till the potent fumes of liquor utterly deprived some of the gift of speech, laying them prostrate victims at the shrine of *Bacchus*, and left others no farther use of it, than to roar, rant, and bellow like beasts in a forest; *Belville* and *Charles* excepted; the conduct of one, and the good constitution of the other, keeping them clear of such a state, though the latter was far from being the same man he had been at the beginning of the evening.

In this his *gaieté de cœur*, he chanced to meet a young girl, whose countenance so pleased him that he insisted on seeing her home; a proposal she, after some refusals, complied with, and introduced him into a room elegantly furnished; the beauty of which was lost on him, who was taken up in contemplating that of the mistress of the apartment. She was of a middling stature, of an aspect modest and agreeable, more adorned by nature than by art. Her black hair played wantonly in her neck: her forehead was high, her eye-brows dark, her eyes black and

piercing, her features small, and well-turned: she had a fair and clear complexion; her snow-white bosom was full and well-formed, and her shape answered exactly to the rules of proportion.

During *Charles's* stay, he often observed her much terrified if any one knocked at the door, and pressing to know the cause, she answered by a recital of her history, which may not perhaps be unentertaining to the reader.

“ I am, said she, the daughter of a
 “ clergyman, formerly vicar of *W—*,
 “ in the West of *England*. My mother
 “ died in childbed; but my father took
 “ all imaginable care of my education.
 “ When I was about fifteen, a young
 “ gentleman came to board with us, who
 “ was recommended by a friend in *Lon-*
 “ *don*. From the instant I saw this
 “ youth, I loved him: he made several
 “ advances to me, but as we were both
 “ under age, I would consent to no pro-
 “ posals he could make, as well knowing
 “ him to be entirely dependant on an
 “ uncle and guardian: yet it was with
 “ the utmost difficulty, that I kept his
 “ ardour at a distance, and prevented, for
 “ that time, my ruin.

“ Soon

“ Soon after he left us, on the receipt
“ of some letters, which he said were of
“ the utmost importance, and we saw him
“ not till next Spring, when he returned
“ in an equipage of his own, and shone
“ out with such a glare of splendor, as
“ dazzled my young eyes. His uncle he
“ said was dead, and had left him sole
“ heir to his fortune, which amounted to
“ no less than fifteen thousand pounds.
“ It was not long ’ere he renewed his
“ professions to me; I referred him to
“ my father, to whom, as he told me, he
“ had spoken, but found him very indif-
“ ferent to his honourable proposals.

“ The good vicar in the mean time
“ fell sick, and no one was more assiduous
“ in consoling and attending him
“ than my lover. Who when his end
“ drew on, expressing his care for my
“ welfare, assured him he needed not
“ to be under any apprehensions about
“ that; for himself would take care of,
“ and espouse me. Such a declaration
“ comforted my father in his last moments,
“ who expired, invoking Heaven
“ to bless his dear children, as he called
“ us, leaving his slender fortune to a
“ kinsman, as my intended husband assured
“ him I should have no occasion for it.

“ Mr. *Seybourne*, (that was his name,)
 “ then began to renew his courtship,
 “ and pressed me to go off with him to
 “ *T—*, where he proposed we should
 “ be married privately, objecting to our
 “ parish, that it would appear odd for
 “ the vicar’s daughter to marry, before
 “ her father was well cold in his grave,
 “ and said it would be best to go where
 “ we were not known, and where the
 “ wedding might be private.

“ I thought his objection trifling, but
 “ consented. Arrived at *T—*, our
 “ nuptials were celebrated (by special
 “ licence, as my lover told me,) in our
 “ own lodgings.—We staid in the town
 “ about a week, when one morning he
 “ rose about day-break, saying he had an
 “ engagement on a party of pleasure with
 “ some gentlemen: when I rose, I was
 “ surprized to find on my dressing-table a
 “ letter, importing, that he was gone
 “ abroad, and that I should do well to
 “ seek out some method of getting my
 “ subsistence, and not trouble his friends,
 “ who were always averse to the match.—
 “ It is impossible to express my rage at
 “ such a treatment. The marriage, in
 “ effect, was but a sham imposed on my
 “ credulity, and the actors in it, creatures
 “ of

“ of his own, who were since fled. Rage
“ at length giving way to reason, I set
“ out for *London*, sought his relations,
“ and was by them treated in the most in-
“ jurious manner;—they said he was mar-
“ ried to a lady of family and fortune,
“ and that I was a cast-off mistress. In
“ fine, they loaded me with the most op-
“ probrious names, and I, finding I had
“ nothing to expect from that quarter,
“ turned my thoughts another way.

“ I had heard of register-offices; to
“ one of them I applied. Seeing I was
“ what they termed a pretty girl, they
“ recommended me to one Mrs. *Com-*
“ *mode*, a milliner. That lady was turned
“ of sixty;—she had been formerly house-
“ keeper to her present husband, and he had
“ married her for her prudence, on con-
“ dition he should keep whatever young
“ girl he liked, as she was upwards of
“ forty-five, he scarce twenty, when the
“ match was made. I was to wait on
“ her, and, as the master of the register-
“ office had foreseen, I soon captivated
“ her husband, succeeded to his then fa-
“ vourite, and knowing my unhappy
“ condition, suffered myself to be per-
“ suaded by his arguments, and long re-
“ mained his favourite, and not ill-be-

“ loved by his wife, whose chief engine
 “ I was, in reconciling matrimonial dif-
 “ ferences, and getting her every new
 “ toy and trinket she wanted, which I
 “ represented to the husband as but a
 “ reasonable return for the liberty grant-
 “ ed him.

“ Thus I lived, till I was discharged
 “ on the extraordinary account of a *tabby*
 “ *cat*, which a young lady, lately come
 “ to our house, (and who has since made
 “ a great noise in the world, in an affair
 “ of a singular nature,) killed for tearing
 “ her ruffie. The animal being much
 “ in favour with my mistress, a council
 “ was called on the occasion of her death;
 “ I was summoned, and the question
 “ being put, whether I thought Miss
 “ *B*—— did it accidentally? I answered
 “ in the negative, and was, next day,
 “ discharged by my master. The *cat*
 “ was made the excuse, but Miss *B*——,
 “ I was well assured, was the cause. In
 “ a few weeks after, she justified my suspi-
 “ cions by her extraordinary conduct,
 “ which became the town talk, and end-
 “ ed in her own ruin, having since re-
 “ duced her best friend to the unhappy
 “ condition of soliciting aid of the pub-
 “ lic,

“ lic, in return for his private charity to
“ her, and misapplied zeal for justice.

“ On my leaving him, I was impru-
“ dent enough to mention these family
“ concerns; for which he threatens me
“ with a severe prosecution, and I live
“ every minute in fear of his revenge,
“ the more so, as he protests he will begin
“ by arresting me for my board.

“ After this, one Mr. *Sommers* made
“ me a proposal to live with him as
“ his house-keeper in the country,
“ which, as I found he was not the best-
“ natured man in the world, I rejected.
“ Him too I have offended, and dreading
“ his revenge on a similar account. Thus
“ have I recited all the story of my life, and
“ claim no other merit than that of hav-
“ ing done it faithfully.”

Charles, from that moment, resolved to
play the knight errant for the lady, and
received her into his immediate protec-
tion.

C H A P. IV.

Mr. Searle assumes the man of quality;—forsakes his old friends:—Visits Dr. Rattle:—Description of that gentleman's family. History of Mrs. Seybourne. An extraordinary letter is received;—its effect.

OUR Adventurer now commenced a person of fashion by day, and a buck of the first head by night;—kept the best of company, gamed, lived as *well*, and paid his tradesmen as *ill*, as the first quality.

But this was not to last for ever; and he had already the mortification, when he entered a ball-room, to hear a whisper of “Who is he?” run through the whole assembly; but both his appearance and behaviour being that of a gentleman, nobody, as yet, had effrontery enough to question him on that head.

As for his old acquaintance at C——’s coffee-house, he had long since left them, on pretence that they pryed into things which did not concern them; and having pretended particularly to take pet at the good-natured concern of Dr. *Fenton*, that gentleman made the following, almost prophetic

prophetic speech, just as he was leaving the room. “ Indeed, Mr. *Searle*, instead of being angry, I pity you. You are launching into a world wide and various, and much I fear your voyage will not answer your expectations ; your golden dreams of pleasure will soon vanish, and you will wish yourself in the harbour of that peace and tranquillity you so rashly abandon.—Adieu ! May you not have cause to remember these admonitions in *pain*, which you slight in the height of *pleasure*.—But you will never believe me your friend, till that period in which you will find yourself your worst enemy.”

This worthy man entertained the greatest good-will for *Charles*, or he had not spoke thus. Those in whose cause he was indifferent, found him always complaisant, never particular. But he, to whom this discourse was addressed, turned on his heel, desiring never more to see or hear from him, or any of that company.

Sir *James Constance*, and his accomplished sister, were forsaken ; yet had they not forgotten him : but they were deemed too grave, and were such as the deluded youth thought would rather check his impetuosity than encourage it. In their stead,

were substituted Lord *Glare*, the Earl of *Scatter*, Sir *Humphry Dupe*, the Countess of *Hazard*, and Lady *Fanny Decoy*.—Mr. *Sedgely*, in the mean time, was tired of writing, and receiving no answer: young *Clare*, though treated in the same manner, continued his assiduities and friendly reproaches, till he at last received a letter so severe from *Charles*, as put an end, for that time, to their correspondence.

If the reader recollects how small our Hero's capital was, he may be surprized to find a man heedlessly spending in extravagance, what, properly used, might have been the pledge of his future fortune; but such is the infatuation of youth, that rushes headlong on its own ruin.

One evening, in the height of their glee, *Jack Rattle* proposed to introduce Mr. *Searle*, by way of amusement, to a half niece of his, almost as old as himself, and with whom, if any intrigue could be carried on, he said it would afford him infinite pleasure, as it would be the means of baffling his elder brother and sister-in-law, in their deep-laid schemes of education, in which they thought nobody their equals, though, at the same time,
all

all their neighbours, and even their domestics, turned them to ridicule.

Charles gladly accepted this offer, and having previously prepared himself, by putting his features into form, and composing into wonderful serenity all the risible muscles of his face, he was introduced by his friend the next day to *Dr. Rattle*, his lady, and *Miss Nancy* her daughter, by a former husband. The gentleman he approached with a profound bow, the ladies with a formal salute, to which the eldest of them very genteely presented her cheek, out of pure modesty; for so she treated every one but her husband.

Mr. Rattle having given them to understand, as had been concerted between them, that *Mr. Searle* was his friend, and often gave him good advice, and that to his admonition they owed the present visit, a long and tedious conversation ensued upon the nature of friendship, chiefly kept up by the aunt, whose husband could only put in a word now and then, while her daughter sat primmed up in a corner, contemplating the gilded leaves and Morocco binding of the doctor's prayer-book. Her good mother had a spice of learning, which she always made intolerable to her company, and often even to the doctor

L 6 himself,

himself, who would frequently cut her short with an emphatical "Pshaw!" and desire her not to "*preach* so long about nothing." *Love* brought this couple together, in which the physician was long unhappy by the coquetry of Mrs. *Strictly*, that was his lady's name when he married her, who, on her husband's death, returned to her parents, and the policy of her friends, encouraging a tradesman to be, or appear his rival. At last the old merchant, her father, on his death-bed, sent for Dr. *Rattle*, saying he could not die in peace till they were joined. From that time the coquette affected the prude, and brought the doctor, her child by a former husband, and her affectation, for her dowry.—Her dress was like that of a quaker, her gravity forced and unnatural, and her whole person turned into a thousand disagreeable contortions. Her age was about thirty-five, her features regular enough, yet not agreeable, her hair and eye-brows light, her complexion pale, her bosom flat, her shape spare and meagre. Her husband's age exceeded not twenty-eight; he was a tall thin man, with a piercing look, and great gravity of countenance; he had much good sense, more learning; yet spoiled all these accomplishments by an affectation

affectation of superiority, and an habitual fretfulness and whimsical temper, to which he gave himself so much up, that he could not with justice be called a good-natured person.

As to Mrs. *Rattle's* daughter by Mr. *Strictly*, she was a pretty girl enough, by nature warm and sanguine, by constraint, dull and insipid in conversation; yet, in spite of parental authority, her rolling black eye, and full heaving bosom, spoke the dictates of powerful nature. Other children they had none living;—two were born by this second marriage, but the wise doctor and his lady educated them for another world.—If ever religion was turned to a farce, it was in this extraordinary house, where the greatest shew of it imaginable was kept up, and where the indecent fire of the husband, the hypocritical zeal of the wife, and the reluctant devotion of the daughter, composed altogether a greater and more effectual ridicule on it, than the most abandoned libertine's prophane and ill-placed mockery of things sacred could possibly have done. An arrogance of opinion, and ridiculous particularity, completed the character of the husband, and an affected delicacy, that of his wife.

It

It may easily be imagined, that to sit in such company was a kind of purgatory to Mr. *Searle*; he bore it no longer than decency required, and retired with a hearty resolution of never returning again, which the charms of their daughter were not powerful enough to induce him to alter. As to *Jack Rattle*, when they were alone, he laughed heartily at the adventure, and rallied *Charles* not a little on the penance he had undergone, which he proposed to him to bury the remembrance of in mirth and claret; and accordingly they set forward towards the old place of meeting.

Arrived, they found the major part of the company diverting themselves with the incident of *Charles's* lighting on 'Squire *Sommers's* cast-off, as they were pleased to call her. The good 'squire himself affected in particular to be unmercifully witty on the subject, though, in truth, he was so far from being pleased with what had happened, as he did not expect Mrs. *Seymourne* would represent him in the most respectable light to his successor, and therefore resolved, in his wisdom, to declare war first.

Belville was at that time absent, but *Newman* entering the room soon after, the
conver-

conversation grew pretty smart; and at last the 'squire said in a heat, "Indeed he looked on Mr. *Searle* as only fit to take up with his leavings." The latter not relishing this, demanded an explanation somewhat smartly, which the other as laconically gave, "Why then, master "What-d'ye-call (says he) I have said "the most I think you be worthy of; and "for all your laced cloaths there, I believe as you would be glad to take up "with my old ones; nor does any here "know how you could come by yours "otherwise than second-hand, unless, d'ye see, as how you make free with the road, "having no visible way of livelihood." For this speech *Charles* rising on a sudden, plentifully rewarded him with the whole bowl of punch in his face, which cooled his ardour so far, that he thought not fit to resent it, but walked out of the room, shaking his ears and muttering something about *revenge*. By this time the whole table was in an uproar, and *Palm*, the dramatic writer, observed that it was a scandalous thing for an upstart, that came from nobody knows where, to use a person of Mr. *Sommers's* fortune so ill, and added, that he deserved to be turned out of company.

Before

Before this motion could be brought to bear, our Hero started up, and with a stern look, laying his hand on his sword, “And who will do it? (said he) will you, or you, or any of you? (turning to them round.) Mr. *Sommers*, continued he, I never offended, he has affronted me; I have used him as he deserves, and it is no more than I will any that dares to treat me as he did.” Here he fixed his eyes on the misanthrope who had been very warm in the preceding dispute: on which that gentleman told him, with great composure, “that he had always too much caution to say what he could not prove; but that thoughts were free, and his were such as he did not chuse, at so improper a time, to communicate;” and observing very deliberately, “that noise was no argument,” withdrew.—Mr. *Palm* fate mute and fullen a while, but perceiving that young *Newman* was going to open afresh on the old argument, he turned with great seeming scorn upon his heel, and saying, that things would not always be carried on so swimmingly by some people, retired, and was followed by his party, leaving *Charles*, the Colonel, and *Newman*, masters of the field.

When.

When the opposites were gone, the officer took upon him to reprove Mr. *Searle* for imprudence, in carrying on things to such lengths. He answered, with great spirit, that his honour obliged him to do it, and that he would carry it yet farther if the person in question did not ask his pardon. The Colonel did not long argue with him, being persuaded it would be to no purpose, and the other two gentlemen agreed in his opinion.

Just at this time the waiter delivered a letter to Mr. *Searle*, which having read, he began to look very grave, and asking who brought it, was answered, a man plainly dressed left it at the bar, and walked off at full speed.

Charles with some difficulty excusing himself to the company, retired, in order to be more at leisure to examine it: it was written in a large bold *Roman* hand, and contained the following words.

“ S I R,

“ W H E N a fool runs into vice and extravagance, he excites our contempt.
“ But when a man of sense suffers himself
“ to become the dupe of his passions, we
“ are generally grieved for him: yet is
“ he far more to blame than the other,
“ who

" who does but as he has received. The
 " application is plain, you are (or at least
 " you were) that man of sense : into what
 " excesses do you run !—Poverty and ruin
 " you seek as your chief good ; shame
 " and remorse will too soon succeed to
 " pleasure and dissipation, while those
 " who hate you, will rejoice in your de-
 " struction. Think on your uncle's
 " schemes to ruin you ; —reflect, on
 " the other hand, on the grief of your
 " friends. Think on unhappy *Charlotte* ;
 " —Remember your lovely and once be-
 " loved *Harriet*. Oh ! summon all that
 " is great and noble in you, to your aid ;
 " shake off the ignoble bondage of false
 " pleasure ; be what once you were, and
 " take the advice of,

" Your unknown friend."

Mr. *Searle* read this over and over, and
 examined it as closely as possible, yet
 neither could he give the least guess whose
 hand it was, nor form any probable idea
 whence it came from ; though sometimes
 he fixed it on his former friend the
 Doctor, but he was totally ignorant of the
 affair of *Charlotte*, nor had heard, to the
 best of his knowledge, a syllable about
Harriet. Sometimes he imagined it must
 be

be Mr. *Clare's*, yet could not imagine how that gentleman should become so well acquainted where to find him, and much less could he divine why he should take so oblique a method, rather than speak to him personally in *London*; yet on the whole, his suspicions rested on him, as he was well assured it came from some one well acquainted with his affairs.

Thus he allowed *much* to his curiosity about the writer of the letter; but *little* to reflexion on its contents, whose impression was but weak and momentary on a mind immerfed in pleasures, and as yet unchecked in its career. It was necessary for him to experience their vanity, and the stings left behind them, before he could be brought to a due sense of what he owed to virtue and to himself.

C H A P. V.

Charles introduced at the levée of the Earl of Gravelton. A sketch of that peer's character. Various affairs.

OUR Adventurer's serious mood ended with the night, and he rose in the morning with his usual gaiety. He had just breakfasted, when the colonel entered the room, and told him he was going to the levée of a certain nobleman, to whom, if he pleased, he would introduce him, to which the other readily agreed.

This nobleman was no other than the Earl of *Gravelton*, so famous for his *piety* and *policy*. He had travelled, and had seen the world, and from all parts where he had been he brought something remarkable: from the *French*, dissimulation and indifference; from the *Italians*, lewdness; from the *Spaniards*, the accomplishments of a bravo; maxims of state from the *Ottoman Porte*; and of public credit from the *Dutch*. When he read the moderns, he sighed for the luxuries of *modern*—when he perused the ancients, he longed for the heathenish rites of *ancient ROME*; insomuch, that, not far from that city, he caused temples to be erected

to

to *Cyprian Venus*, and the obscener deities of former superstition. Rites were actually performed in them, at which some of the kind *Italian* beauties assisted, and often, if fame says true, in a very indecent state, till a message from a *dignified person* in those parts suppressed those *pious* assemblies *.

When they arrived, they found the anti-chamber crowded with dependants, in whose faces the prevailing passions of hope and fear were strongly painted. They all made way for the colonel, who was well known to most of them, with whom he talked familiarly. They shewed him great respect, as knowing him to be intimate with their patron, by whose means, and not by any merit of his own, he had procured first a company, and afterwards a regiment, though he had been tried at a c——t m——l, for a crime sufficient to have broke him, and acquitted, by the partiality of his judges.

His lordship at length appeared, and after having dispatched his business with his numerous train, insisted on the company of the colonel and *Charles*, (who had been formally introduced) to drink a dish
of

* This is a real character of a certain noble L—d.

of chocolate with him. He paid that young gentleman many compliments, during a conversation of about two hours, after which they both took their leave of the peer, who expressed his sorrow that he was engaged that day to dine with Sir *John Burroughman*, but hoped he should have the pleasure of the colonel's company next day to dinner, and desired he would bring his friend with him.

This was punctually complied with on their part: they found the peer in good humour, and his table elegantly covered, and indeed were so well entertained, that his lordship's invitations were always welcome to *Charles*, whose company on the other hand seemed no less so to that nobleman, during his stay in town, which, however, was but short, as he set out for his seat in ——*shire*, within a fortnight after.

Charles returning to his acquaintance, found the 'squire restrained by fear, and Mr. *Quarme* by necessity, from appearing at the old rendezvous, being detained in *durance vile*, for having given his pen and tongue too many liberties with a certain person's character, who chose to ask his redress from law, rather than from the sword.

This

This person was no other than the nephew of Lord *Gretton*, who, tho' he had a good fortune independent of his uncle, could never forgive Mr. *Quarme* for the indirect methods he had taken of aspersing his character, &c. and so becoming master of that personal estate he deemed his right, and which he was resolved to contest with him, hoping to tire him out, and as he was far the more wealthy, to oblige him to drop the suit for want of money.

While the process was going on, the satyrist could not forbear venting his spleen in a pamphlet, called, *The Secret History of the Lord Gretton*, wherein he represented his nephew and heir in such bad colours, and so incautiously, as gave him the opportunity of taking this advantage, which was of no small detriment to his suit.

As to the history that gentleman had given of the peer's exit, it was literally true. He kept a mistress who was ever false to him, and yet he could not bear to be told so; an admonition of that kind occasioned the rencounter in which he received his death, while his favourite was the first to desert him. His character was that of a weak man, a slave to sensual pleasures, not malicious, but the sport of every gust of passion. He had
a good

a good education but little judgment, much of *faith* but little of *works*; and died rather an example of *indolence* and *folly*, than of *vice*.

It was little less than madness in *Charles* still to frequent this society, and live profusely; but he had committed himself to the stream, and suffered himself to be borne along with it; his two thousand pound was spent, but five hundred more yet remained, which his former œconomy had preserved at the banker's; with this he comforted himself; whenever the thought of what must follow obtruded itself on him, he drowned it in claret. — *Jack Rattle* was the only person amongst his new acquaintance, who thought fit to remonstrate to him, and concluded, after many arguments, with these words: “Indeed, Mr. *Searle*, I know not, nor do I believe any one else does, what fortune you have to support such expences; but of this I am sure, that, be it great or small, your misconduct will dissipate it for you. I am afraid, indeed, you have already launched out rather too far; if you have, take my advice and retrench; I assure you I am just now resolving so to do. Pray Heaven it be not too late for us both!”

Though

Though this harangue was not, perhaps, so nicely managed as might have been expected by one who was but little acquainted with the person he spoke to, yet in *Rattle* it was the mere effect of good-will; but however that might be, Mr. *Searle* was so provoked at it, that he used him very roughly, and desiring him to walk out of the room, plainly told him he wished to have nothing farther to say to him, and that if ever he meddled with his affairs again, he should use him very roughly.

To all this Mr. *Rattle* made no answer, but withdrew with an air of astonishment, and *Charles* concluded from thence, that he was an abject coward. He was hardly gone, when the colonel entered the room, and, after some conversation, told his friend, that, if he pleased, he would introduce him to some ladies of his acquaintance, one of whom, Miss *Languish*, was reckoned a beauty, and possessed of a fortune of fifteen thousand pound. "She is my cousin," continued the officer, "and I do not see a better thing you can do, as I suppose you are not engaged, than pay your addresses to her; and, d—n me if it would not give me great pleasure to

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“ see you carry a fort that has withstood so many attacks.—And then so handsome, such a complexion, such eyes! But I’ll say no more: only see her, that’s all; only see her!”

Forgetting his love to *Harriet*, mindless of the unhappy *Charlotte*, our Adventurer embraced the opportunity. He was introduced to Miss *Languish*, extremely well received by that young lady; in a little time, he obtained her aunt’s consent to pay his addresses to her, and was, in imagination, already possessed of her fortune.

In order to appear to more advantage, he now doubled his expences with his assiduity, and was pretty deeply in debt with his tradesmen, while he was laying out his ready cash on jewels and trinkets for Miss *Languish*. But just when he imagined the affair drawing to a conclusion, he was surprized one day, on paying his devoirs to his goddess, (to whom he had even been permitted to talk of marriage,) to find himself coldly received. On his pressing her to hasten his happiness, he received for answer, that there were many points to be settled first, on which he must talk to her aunt. Surprized

prized at such language, he begged to know in what he had offended her, and throwing himself at her feet, acted many extravagances, which, however, did not in the least alter her tone. Unmoved at his exclamations, Miss *Languish* replied, "that there was something more than unmeaning rapture necessary to make the marriage state happy, and that she wondered at the effrontery of some people," and, so saying, flung away from him. *Charles* retreated in all the agonies of disappointment, and as soon as he got home, wrote a letter full of reproaches to the aunt, desiring to know how he had deserved such unworthy treatment. A little after he received an answer, by a livery servant, importing, "that Mrs. *Languish* wondered how a person of common sense could make such a demand, and that too, when he well knew how she and her niece had been abused in supposing him a man of fortune and honour, when, on the contrary, he proved a sharper, a circumstance which, had she known before, no relation of hers should have had any connexions with him." And concluded, with forbidding him the house.

This was a finishing stroke to Mr. *Searle's* fortune, the last of which he had spent in

hopes of possessing hers. He went to the Colonel, and reproached him with being accessory to his disgrace. "How, Sir! (said that officer, affecting surprize) Can I be answerable for your ill success? I have a letter here from my cousin, in which I am much blamed on your account. But if you have been injured in the article of your character and in regard of your fortune, it will be easy for you to clear up that in the face of the world. I am sure I always hitherto took you for a person of fortune and honour, and as such introduced you to my cousin, d—n me if I did not!"

The successful lover was heartily nettled at this, to which, for many reasons obvious to the reader, he could not reply as he would have done: however, he took notice that it was but reasonable his presents should be returned; the Colonel said he was of the same opinion, and would engage *his honour* they should be forthcoming. Having said this, he looked at his watch, recollecting he was engaged precisely at that minute, and bowing, retired, leaving his friend to his private meditation.

Though this behaviour of his was far from being relished by our Hero; yet on many accounts he found it not his interest
to

to break with him at present. Indeed, his greatest care was, that the true cause of his disappointment should be kept secret, nor did he as yet entirely despair, by fair means or foul, of recovering his presents from Miss, whom he began to look upon by this time as a finished coquet, and even something worse. How far he was right in his conjecture will appear in the sequel.

His whole stock now amounted only to eighty guineas, his debts to above three hundred; and serious reflexions would intrude upon him, notwithstanding all his pains to suppress them.—A false shame forbade his returning to his former employment: he could not think of making any application to those friends he had slighted, and, what was worse, he could not endure the thoughts of leaving those pleasures which had brought him into that situation. Meanwhile *Belville* and young *Newman* engaged him as much as possible in diversions, fearing lest the thoughtfulness, they perceived to grow upon him, might deprive them of a boon companion.

The latter of these was, to do him justice, very lively and agreeable in his conversation, though in his morals profligate

gate and abandoned : having, as we mentioned already, reduced himself by his extravagances before his entering into the service of the banker, he had resolved, since his second entrance into the same kind of life, to stick at no base action to furnish himself with the means of supporting them : to this end he had, by the Colonel's recommendation, obtained the office of an assistant to the noble Lord mentioned in the beginning of this chapter, in his pleasures, and to whom *Charles* had so lately been introduced. Besides which, he had the happiness to be in favour with the celebrated Lady Z——. That lady was of high descent, and possessed of great riches : these were all the qualifications she could boast of ; others she had none. She was proud, peevish, and litigious to a proverb. She had at that very time a law-suit depending between her and the poor of the parish, about the property of a certain common called *Rickmoore* ; in which affair, it is said, she once demanded of her council, whether she might not to be admitted to sue in *forma pauperis* to save expence.

Yet stingy as she was in these particulars, she was lavish enough of her gold
in

in others, who in her younger years were provided for handsomely.

Her family was not of long standing in *England*, and had never been heard of in these parts till after the reign of *Queen Anne*. Her father was a man of some virtue, but violently attached to his native country, whither he was accustomed often to go, to the no small regret of his tradesmen and dependants at home, who used to curse the little estate he still possessed in those parts, though his steward and rent-gatherer took great pains always to persuade them that it was for their good only he kept it; nay, they once put it into the old gentleman's head, to invite over a great number of his foreign tenants, and plant a colony of them on his *English* estate: but the murmurs rose so high on this account, that he was obliged to desist, lest, while he was providing for his friends abroad, all should fall to ruin at home. In the interim, he was engaged in a law-suit with two of his neighbours, the ill success of which broke his heart. Dying, he left his lady a prodigious sum of ready money. His son, *Sir George*, carried on the suit at first with great vigour, till a favourite *monkey* of his mother's took it into his head to entertain a

violent antipathy against his steward, who was a great orator, and always appeared to have his master's good at heart; whenever he spoke to his master concerning the law, or any thing for the good of his tenants, the animal would be chattering and making mouths at him; but all without success, till at last, provoked to find all his grimaces ineffectual, in a violent rage he snatched a heavy bag from his master's escritoire, containing not less than three thousand pounds, and threw it with such force at the *poor* orator's head, that it is said he never recovered the blow; and though he did not absolutely die of it, yet he never after found the use of his speech. When any one talked to him of *Sir George*, or his estate, he used always to shake his head, lay his finger on his mouth, and point to the great bag. His case being thus desperate, the person who succeeded him in the place, despairing to manage *Sir George's* suit so well as his predecessor had done, and knowing that the expences of law curtailed him of many perquisites, shamefully made matters up, just as they were on the point of being concluded to his master's honour and advantage; and though as many concessions were made

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as if *Sir George* had been the loser; he yet undertook to prove the baronet had no other way than such a concession to save himself from ruin, and he strengthened his assertion by the interest of his mother, who particularly regarded and supported him; mean-while he used annually to convey into his predecessor's apartment a huge bag, like that he had been struck with; on this sight the orator fell into such fits, as effectually hindered his recovery.

Such was the history of Lady Z——'s family connections, who continued to live in good terms with *Sir George*, and enjoyed her pleasures unmolested; and *Newman* always found in her a support for his extravagances.

C H A P. VI.

Our Hero reduced to distress. The Colonel's baseness. Various adventures. Newman's scheme. Reflexions on affliction. Charles sets out for B——shire. Conclusion of the First Volume.

CHARLES having no such secret resources as his friend, soon found himself reduced to his last guinea, and indeed, so much the sooner by the method he took of trying to possess himself of more; this was no other than gaming, by which, after many and various turns of fortune, he was thus reduced.

He gave way now to all the violence of frenzy. Those reflexions he had so often endeavoured to suppress, were indulged to an excess; and what still contributed to heighten his affliction was, that he had not a single person to whom he could easily determine to open himself in confidence. Sir *James Constance*, the good Doctor, and all his real friends, he had disobliged. Mr. *Gouldney's* executor he had often spoken of with contempt, and as to his new acquaintance, they were such as he could entertain little hopes either of advice or assistance from.

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After much time lost in bewailing his fate, cursing his indiscretions, and aggravating to himself his own misfortunes, he at last resolved to make *Newman* or the Colonel acquainted with his situation. He pitched on the former, and at their next meeting, disclosed to him his necessity, though without making his affairs so desperate as they really were, and requested his advice and assistance. That young man affected much surprize at finding him so reduced, and said he wished he had known it a few days sooner, in which case he could have assisted him; but now he was really out of cash, and was obliged to borrow, in order to supply his own private necessities. However, said he, I cannot think things are so bad, you have by you such rich cloaths, watches, and rings, as it is easy to borrow money upon, till you can procure a supply elsewhere.—The scruples raised by *Charles* to this manner of proceeding, as fearing it might endanger his reputation, were easily removed by *Newman*, who represented, that it was the case of many people who made a brilliant figure in the world; — he added, he was sometimes forced to take that method himself, and in the end recommended to him a servant
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of his, that, he said, was well acquainted with the town ways, and would be serviceable to him in that or any other affair of the kind; but that he was forced to part with him, to oblige a mistress of his, with whom he could never agree. Having received thanks for his advice, and promised secrecy, he withdrew, and sent the person in question; who quickly converted some jewels into ready cash, with which his new master resolved once more to try if Fortune would not be more favourable to him than hitherto she had been.

Accordingly, that very evening, he put his design in execution, and by the time of retiring, found his capital doubled. This good success gave him spirits for a second and a third essay, till, at the end, he found himself possessed of two hundred pounds.

In the mean time, he neglected not, as usual, to join his companions, such times only excepted as were dedicated to the gaming-table; but he thought he perceived a kind of indifference growing in their behaviour towards him. The true reason of which was, that the affair of Miss *Languish* had taken air, and was reported in a manner very unfavourable to him;

him; and *Newman* had besides related what passed between them.

Charles was uneasy to perceive this coldness, and in some measure suspecting the cause, took his false friend aside, and questioned him closely about it, but he denied, in the strongest terms, having given a hint of any such thing. On which our Adventurer communicated the success he had had, and asked further advice with regard to his future proceedings. *Newman*, who by this time supposed his fortune to be in a declining way, and wanted to be fairly rid of his acquaintance, whom he had contributed to ruin, advised him to retire for a while into the country, after raising all the money he could in *London* for the purpose, and there acting the part of a gentleman of fortune, endeavour to carry off some country 'squire's daughter; adding, that he had one in his eye, and would for this purpose recommend him to an acquaintance of his at R—— in B——shire.

This scheme to the youth appeared eligible enough. But his stock did not seem sufficient to compass it. To obviate which objection, his friend advised him to make ready money of all his wardrobe, and take up more on trust, all which
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was effected by the help of the servant mentioned above.

The next thing he thought on, was applying once more to the colonel, concerning the presents he had made Miss *Languish*, and which that officer had engaged *his honour* for his regaining. But on this second attack, his excuse was, that he had not seen Miss *Languish* since; that she was not, at present, in town; that he was sorry for Mr. *Searle's* so sudden departure; but the moment he could come to the speech of his cousin, he doubted not of procuring, what he was sure she had too much of delicacy to accept from one whose person she had refused.

With such evasions he was obliged to be satisfied, and retired, heartily cursing the jilt in his mind, and wishing he had never seen her. Indeed, besides that, *Newman* wanted to be ridded of *Charles's* company; another reason for removing him was, that the colonel, fearing he should be tired out with solicitations beforementioned, urged him to remove the occasion; which he engaged to do.

Such were the sinister views of these two; while *Charles* absolutely abandoned himself to his fate, and again indulged his golden dreams of wealth and fortune renewed,

renewed, while he easily reconciled to himself his behaviour to the tradesmen, whose bills he would soon be in a condition to discharge, should he succeed.

One would indeed have thought his late ill success might have given him enough of marriage schemes ; but he fancied, with all his accomplishments, he should not fail to make a conquest of a country beauty, though he had failed with regard to a town one ; and he besides entertained, with great reason, an opinion that the colonel's cousin was a jilt, whereas he now supposed himself going to be recommended to a girl of much fortune and little knowledge ; such had *Newman* described the person he pointed out, and that young man's connexions with the colonel were utterly unknown to our Hero.

Newman, in the interim, prepared letters of recommendation to the person in question, and to one Mr. *Wilding*, a young gentleman in that town, who having launched out too far in his early youth, submitted now to act, in many things, such a part as would not by any means bear examination.

His wife was young, handsome, genteel, and sprightly : he had run away
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with her from a boarding-school, in the hopes of a fortune, of which finding himself disappointed, and his fortune not sufficient to support them, they took in lodgers and boarders ; and the beauty of his wife was no small inducement to young gentlemen to make choice of his house, where they generally found a kind reception from the mistress, and failed not, in return, of paying handsomely for their entertainment. Whether they obtained the last favour, or not, is hard to say ; but certain it is, that they took many liberties, which the stricter part of the world might censure with reason, and the husband constantly winked at them.

Such was the snare laid for *Charles*, whom *Newman* doubted not but he should sufficiently embarrass in this family, till all his ready cash should be expended, and himself constrained to think of taking up some way of livelihood in the country, and never trouble him more. Mrs. *Wilding* was a distant relation of his, and constantly listened but too much to his advice.

As to the other person, whom he proposed as a match for his friend, the reader will find an account of her in the second volume, wherein we shall re-
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count many extraordinary and unexpected events, which however are no less true than surprizing, and will place the Hero of this History in points of view the most striking and conspicuous, where the utmost scope of his passions will appear, their limits be seen, and how far the force of his reason could controul them, in points where it must be owned that light too often fails.—Affliction is the touchstone both of *virtue* and of *prudence*. Alas! how few can bear the essay.

So much the more glorious those who stand the trial; and not unhappy such, who, by misfortunes, having been brought to a due sense of their failings, though unequal to the ills they have brought on themselves, learn yet to avoid them in future.

But, to return—

Charles prepared for his journey with all possible speed, and having got every thing in readiness, called on his friend *Newman*, for the letter which he had promised him, which he received, together with some hints, calculated to prepare him for such a reception as he was likely to meet with in the country.

Thus equipped, he set out, having previously, from a point of honour,

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discharged his lodging, and leaving the rest of his creditors to wait his return, (though unacquainted with his departure) he undertook a journey, the event of which will be the subject of the next volume.

Meanwhile, we shall leave the reader to reflect on that part of this History which he has already gone through, stopping here, as at a stage, in the mid-way, and leaving him at liberty to proceed or not; with this to comfort him, that should the latter be his choice, he will not, as in a journey, be obliged to measure back the ground he has already been at so much pains to pass over.

The END of *the* FIRST VOLUME.



